

The Tatler

APRIL 10 1957
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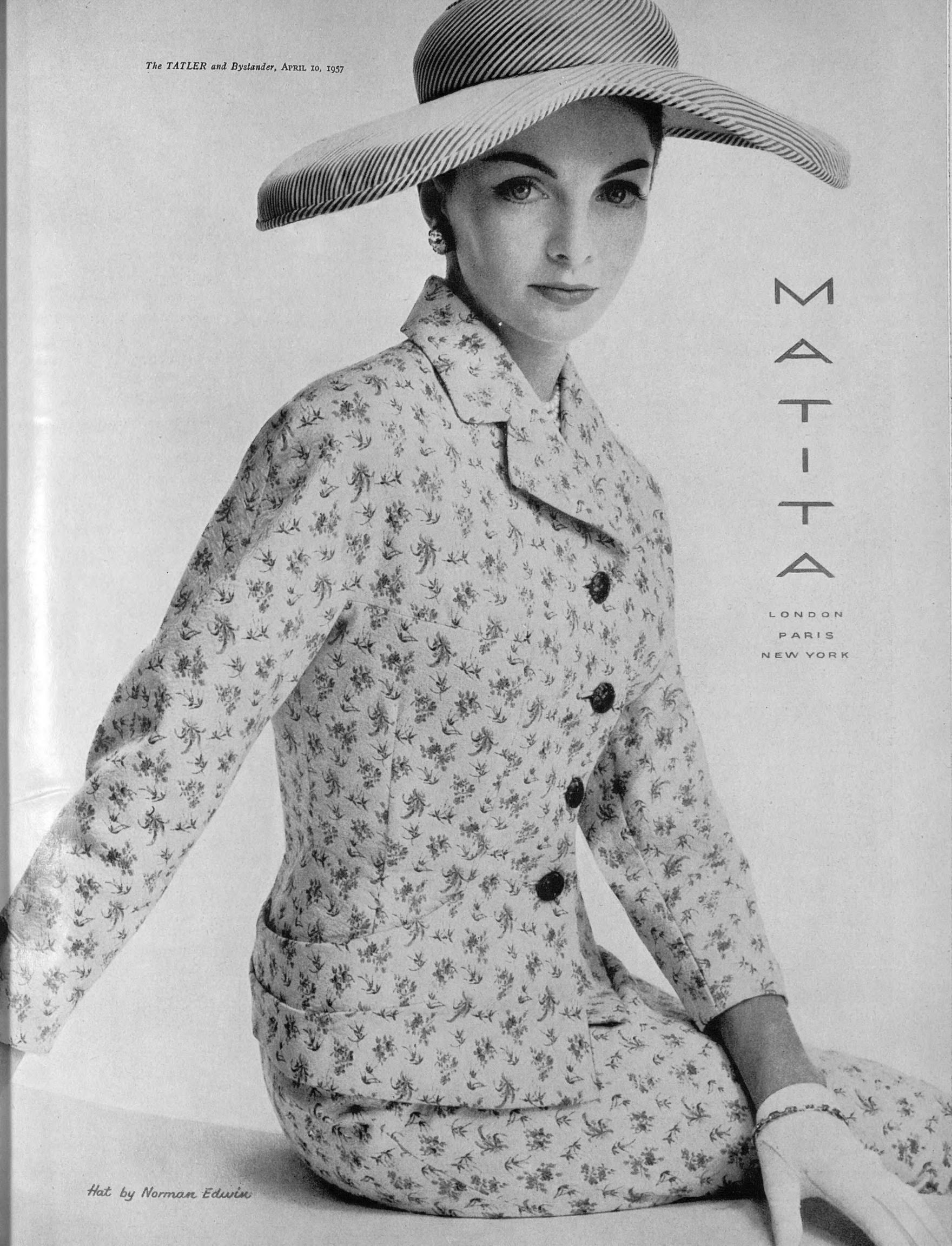
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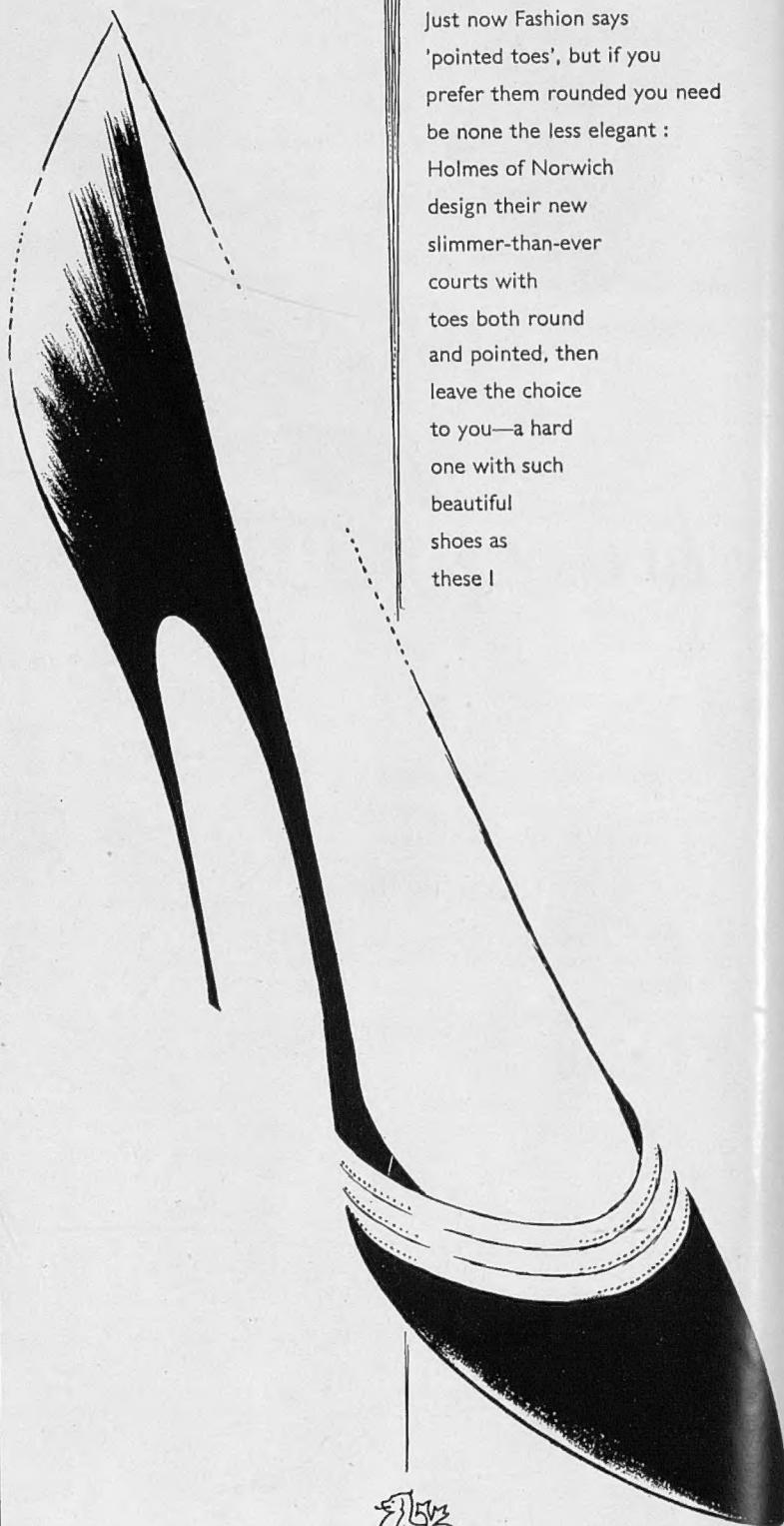
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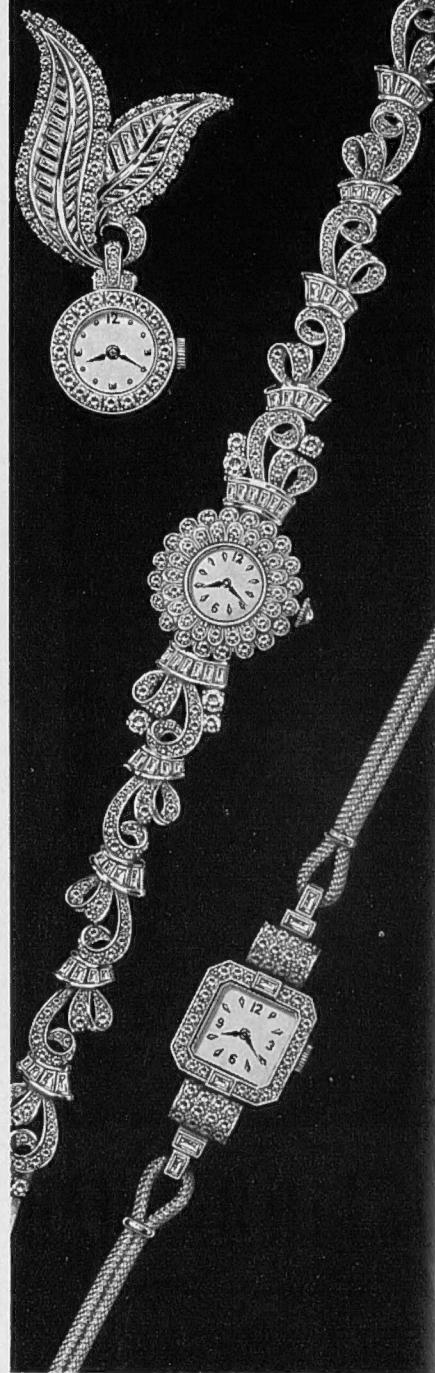
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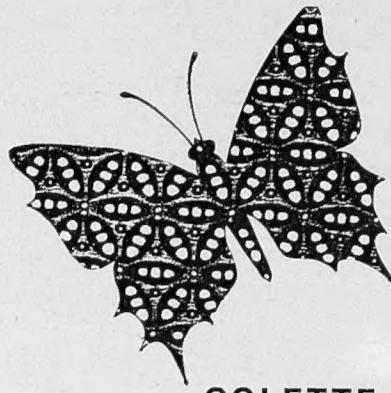
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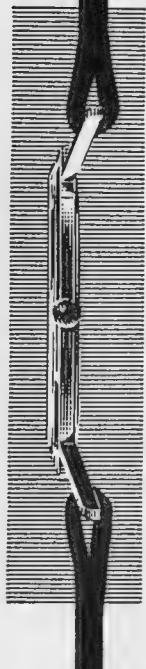


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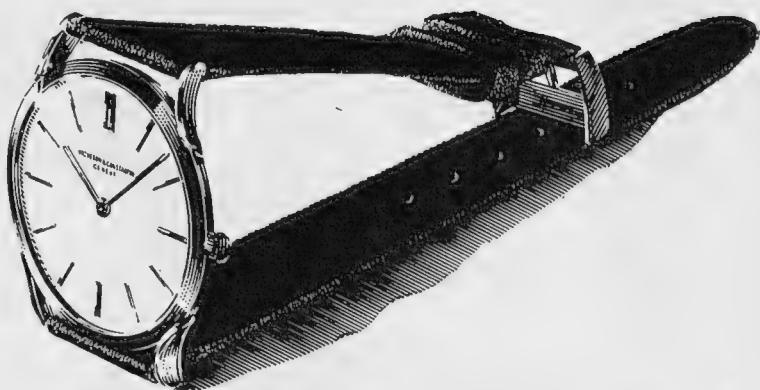
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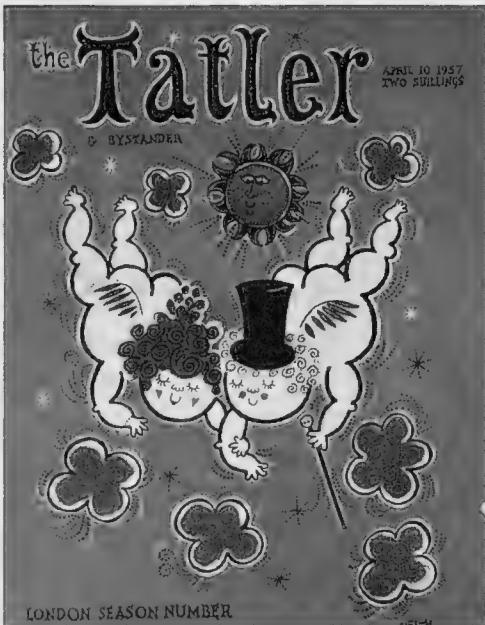
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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From April 10 to April 17



THIS LONDON SEASON Number of The TATLER is gaily heralded by Heath's amusing cover. Last week Her Majesty the Queen held two Afternoon Presentation Parties, and the debutantes who made their curtsey then are now all set for the round of cocktail parties, luncheons, and balls. The prelude to the Season, with its traditional highlights of Royal Ascot and Henley, its summer sporting events, its parties, has now begun in earnest

Apr. 10 (Wed.) Association Football: Ireland v. Wales at Belfast.

Rugby League: Great Britain v. France, St. Helens, Lancs.

Cocktail party: Mrs. Davan Robinson and Mrs. Guy Woolley for Miss Jane Robinson and Miss Alix Woolley.

Cocktail dance: Mrs. Cecil Porter for Miss Victoria Porter and Miss Rosamund Lee at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Flat racing at Newmarket (Craven Meeting) and Downpatrick, and steeplechasing at Fontwell Park.

Apr. 11 (Thu.) Taunton Jumping Festival and Trades Fair (to 13th), Taunton.

R.A.C. Exhibition, "The Age of the Motor Car" (to May 4), The Tea Centre, Lower Regent St. British Photo Fair (to 17th), Olympia.

Cocktail parties: Mrs. Bramwell Graham for Miss Catherine Hope at 4 Maunsell Street, Vincent Square; Mrs. Antony Marsham and Mrs. Norman McCaskie for Miss Jacqueline Marsham and Miss Jane McCaskie at 27 Kensington Square; Mrs. Basil Banbury for Miss Victoria Banbury at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Dance: Mrs. Cedric Marsden (small dance) for Miss Janet Marsden at Hurlingham Club.

Flat racing at Newmarket (Craven Meeting), and steeplechasing at Fontwell Park and Stratford-upon-Avon.

Apr. 12 (Fri.) Cottesbrooke Horse Trials (two days), at Cottesbrooke Hall, Northampton.

Cocktail party: Mrs. Whitbread for Miss Elizabeth Whitbread at the Dorchester.

Dances: Mrs. Sydney Martineau for her granddaughters Miss Julia Martineau and Miss Carol Martineau at Bolney House, Ennismore Gardens;

Crawley and Horsham Hunt Ball at Buchan Hill, Crawley.

Flat racing at Newbury and Thirsk.

Apr. 13 (Sat.) Association Football: F.A. Amateur Cup Final, Wembley.

Rugby Football: Ulster Challenge Cup Final, Ravenhill, Belfast.

B.M.C.R.C. "Motor Cycling's Silverstone Day," Silverstone.

B.A.R.C. International Race Meeting, Aintree, Lancs.

Point-to-points: Belvoir Hunt at Garthorpe, near Melton Mowbray; Cotswold Hunt at Stow-on-the-Wold; Crawley & Horsham Hunt at Storrington.

Flat racing at Newbury and Thirsk, and steeplechasing at Rothbury, Taunton and Uttoxeter.

Apr. 14 (Sun.) Palm Sunday.

St. Matthew Passion by Bach, Royal Albert Hall, 11 a.m. part 1, 2.30 p.m. part 2.

Apr. 15 (Mon.) Eridge Hunt Pony Club Hunter Trials at Whiligh, Wadhurst.

Boxing: London Amateur Boxing Association Championships, Royal Albert Hall.

Saints and Sinners Club Dinner at the Dorchester. Flat racing at Edinburgh and Wolverhampton, and steeplechasing at Wye.

Apr. 16 (Tue.) Pytchley Hunt Children's Hunter Trials at Grange Farm, Great Brington.

Flat racing at Wolverhampton.

Apr. 17 (Wed.) Ponies of Britain Club Spring Stallion and Colt Show and sale of ponies, Royal Ascot racecourse, Berks.

Steeplechasing at Cheltenham and Perth.

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To mark a christening,
a coming of age, a wedding

To celebrate an anniversary,
a re-union, a retirement

To grace some special occasion

**Waterford
Glass**



Armstrong Jones

Miss Jennifer Daw comes out this year

MISS JENNIFER DAW, the daughter of Mr. Warwick Daw, the racehorse breeder, and Mrs. Daw, will be having her coming out dance on April 30, just before her eighteenth birthday. It

will be held at the Hyde Park Hotel and will be jointly given for Miss Judith Marshall, daughter of Mrs. Arthur Marshall. Miss Daw who was at Down House has recently completed her studies in Paris

ROYALTY ATTENDED COVENT GARDEN'S GALA NIGHT

QUEEN ELIZABETH the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret attended the Gala Performance by the Royal Ballet, given in aid of the Royal Ballet Benevolent Society. "Petrushka" was the chief work of the night



Mr. O. F. Wilson and Viscountess Bridport were among the distinguished audience



Major H. T. Plemell and Mrs. Plemell



Mr. Alan Traill and Miss Margaret Cooper

Miss Billinda Pharazyn, Miss Fiona Sheffield, Miss Mary Haye and Miss Sally Hunter



Mr. Beresford Clark, Baroness Ravensdale, Mr. Michael Mosley and Mrs. Beresford Clark

Mr. Peter Courtauld with Mrs. Courtauld

Miss Merle Ropner and Miss Tessa Cannon



Van Hallan

Mr. Nicholas Mountain and Lady Mountain

Sir William Walton, Lady Olivier, Lady Walton



Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret are seen before the Gala Performance accompanied by Viscount Waverley

Social Journal

A BALLET EVENING

THE Queen Mother and Princess Margaret attended a Gala performance at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, in aid of the Royal Ballet Benevolent Fund. It was an excellent programme beginning with *Les Sylphides*, then Stravinsky's *Petrushka* and, finally, *Birthday Offering*, which was specially composed a couple of years ago by Frederick Ashton to mark the 25th anniversary of the then Sadler's Wells Ballet. Sir Malcolm Sargent was the guest conductor of this delightful programme.

This was the first time that the Royal Ballet had given *Petrushka* and it was a brilliant performance. Margot Fonteyn, dancing superbly, filled the rôle of the Ballerina, Alexander Grant was Petrushka, Peter Clegg the Blackamore, and Frederick Ashton the Showman. The original production has been most cleverly and artistically revived by Serge Grigoriev and Liubov Tchernicheva, who received a big ovation when they came on the stage with the rest of the cast at the end of this ballet.

The Queen Mother, who was in a pearl sequin-embroidered off-white dress, and Princess Margaret, who wore a bead-embroidered pink satin dress, were met on arrival by Viscount Waverley, the Chairman, and Viscountess Waverley, Mr. David Webster, the General Administrator of the Royal Opera House, Dame Ninette de Valois, Director of the Royal Ballet, and Mr. Neville Coppel. Sitting with the Royal ladies in the box were the Duke of Devonshire, Capt. Michael and the Hon. Mrs. Brand, the latter in red, Col. the Hon. and Mrs. Charteris, Major Seymour, the Hon. Mrs. John Mulholland and Major Griffin.

SIR GLADWYN JEBB, the British Ambassador in Paris, and Lady Jebb looking very attractive in a turquoise blue dress were in the big box at the side with Viscount and Viscountess Waverley whose other guests included Helen, Duchess of Northumberland, Lady Dorothy Macmillan, the Hon. Edward Sackville-West and the U.S. Minister Mr. Walworth Barbour. Vivien Leigh, wearing a white ermine stole over her black dress, was in the next box with Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark and a party of friends, and Sir Brian and Lady Mountain were in the stage box and had their son, Mr. Nicholas Mountain, and their daughter, Mrs. Douetil, with them. On the opposite side of the theatre I saw Mr. and Mrs. John Carras who had a big party in their box, and nearby in another box Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson were in a party of four with Mr. and Mrs. Claud Partridge.

In one of the intervals I saw Dame Ninette de Valois talking to Lady Keynes in the crush bar and nearby Mrs. John Wyndham, looking quite lovely wearing a long white satin brocade evening coat, was talking to friends including the Hon. Mrs. Michael Astor and Lord Tennyson. Also in the audience enjoying this truly wonderful evening of ballet were Lady Ropner and her sister Mrs. Stephen Cannon, Baroness Ravensdale, Viscount and Viscountess Moore, Sir William and Lady Walton, still walking with sticks—the result of their car accident, Viscountess Bridport, very attractive in a maize satin dress, Sir Simon and Lady Marks, Mr. Hardy Amies escorting Miss Judy Montagu, Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Kernan, Mrs. Louis Rawlings and her daughter Patricia, and Lady Cohen. There was a bevy of pretty débutantes selling programmes including Miss Merle Ropner and her cousin Miss Tessa Cannon, Miss Fiona Sheffield, and Miss Sally Hunter.

★ ★ ★

THE Duke and Duchess of Gloucester visited the Eugene Slatter Galleries in Old Bond Street to see the 1957 Exhibition of Dutch and Flemish Masters which was opened later that day by H.E. the High Commissioner for Australia, Sir Eric Harrison, who made an amusing and interesting speech. The Duchess of Gloucester, who is a clever artist herself, went round the exhibition with a very keen eye. There are some enchanting pictures on view including exquisite flower pictures by that famous family of flower painters Ambrose Bosschaert and his sons Johannes and Abraham (the youngest son, Ambrose the Younger, is not represented). The bouquet presented to the Duchess was designed from two of the flower pictures, which interested H.R.H. when she realized how it had been created.

Beside flower pictures there is a river scene and a winter scene on the ice by Jan van Goyen, landscapes by Jan Wynants, Esaias van de Velde and Lucas van Uden, and some fine paintings by other famous Dutch artists. The very well illustrated and well produced programmes of this exhibition, which is open until the end of June, are sold in aid of the Fairbridge Society, of which the Duke of Gloucester is the



Robin Adler

MISS PATRICIA RAWLINGS, the eighteen-year-old débutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Rawlings of Grosvenor Square

MISS LUCINDA ROBERTS (l.), daughter of the late W/Cdr. O. Roberts and of Mrs. Roberts, of Stonesfield Manor, Oxford



MISS SALLY EATON, daughter of Mrs. Sidney Eaton of Luddesdown Court, Kent, where she will be sharing a dance in October



MISS SUSAN WHITAKER (l.) is the daughter of Major and Mrs. L. I. T. Whitaker, of Headley, Hants. She is sharing a dance

Jennifer

SET KEY TO SEASON

President. The Society, originally known as the Child Immigration Society, was formed in 1909 by the late Mr. Kingsley Fairbridge whose charming wife I saw at the private view of the Exhibition. His object was to rescue unhappy and unwanted children and to give them a happy home and a good upbringing and training in Farm Schools in the Commonwealth. There are at present only two of these schools, one in Western Australia and one in New South Wales. When I was recently in Southern Rhodesia I heard of several successful men, now farming, who had originally emigrated as boys under this scheme.

Funds are urgently needed to maintain the existing schools and to establish more Farm Schools throughout the Commonwealth, and donations will be welcomed at Creigh House, 38 Holland Villas Road, London, W.14. At the Private View I met Sir Charles Hambro, who is chairman of the Council of the Society in the United Kingdom, Mrs. Eugene Slatter and Mrs. Cummings, who was talking to Mr. and Mrs. Lancaster. Mr. Lancaster was looking at the pictures with great interest, especially the flower ones, as he is a very clever flower artist himself, and his paintings, which very much resemble the detail and perfection of the old Dutch masters, are much in demand.

★ ★ ★

LATER that day I went to a party at the Beaux Arts Gallery given by Mr. Robin McDouall to meet Mrs. Anne Said, whose drawings are on view in this gallery until April 18. They are unusual and beautifully done, with a tremendous amount of detail in each picture. Mrs. Said worked in Egypt from 1941 to 1955 and some of her work depicts features of that country. She and her husband, who is also an artist, exhibited with a group in Cairo in 1948 and 1955, and in London in 1949 and 1952, but this is her first one-man exhibition.

I was interested to see such connoisseurs as Sir John Rothenstein and Sir Matthew Smith scrutinizing the tremendous detail in the pictures. Others who came that evening to see Mrs. Said's work included Lady (Charlotte) Bonham-Carter, Lord Kinross, the Hon. Randal Plunkett, Sir David and Lady Montagu-Douglas-Scott, Brig. and Mrs. Hamilton Gault, Sir Edward Boulton, Lord and Lady Sempill, Mr. Lees and the Hon. Mrs. Mayall, and Mr. Heywood and Lady Anne Hill.

★ ★ ★

LORD and Lady Brocket gave a most enjoyable cocktail-dance at the Normandie Hotel for their daughter, the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain, and their son, the Hon. David Nall-Cain. This was from 8 to 12 p.m. with cocktails, a buffet dinner and dancing. This sort of informal party, with the men wearing black ties and the girls in short evening dresses, is such a very good idea—especially at the beginning of the season, when a more formal dance can be so sticky. The young hostess, the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain, who is a pretty girl with a gay and happy manner, looked enchanting in a short blue tulle dress as she stood with her parents receiving the guests. Lady Brocket was in a beautiful dress of pale mauve.

Among the older girls present who came out last year (some the year before) were Miss Davina Bowes-Lyon, Comtesse Dagmar Brockenhuis-Schack, Miss Caroline Dugdale, Miss Gay Lawson, Miss Serena Fass, gay and vivacious, Lady Mary Maitland, Miss Wendy Raphael in pink, Miss Sally Hambro, Miss Penelope Kemp-Welch, and Miss Alexandra Seeley in a lovely flame pink dress. Among this year's débutantes I noticed Major and the Hon. Mrs. John Wills's very pretty daughter Susan in red, looking very tanned from Swiss sunshine, Miss Sarah Legard who had only returned from Switzerland that day, also sun-bronzed, Miss Deirdre Senior, the Hon. Mary-Rose Peake, Miss Virginia Makins, Lady Charlotte Chetwynd-Talbot, Miss Diana Goodhart, and Miss Serena Murray. There was a large number of young men, among them that cheery and popular personality the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, Mr. Jamie Illingworth, the Hon. Edward Biddulph, who arrived a little late as he had been down in the country hunting, Mr. Andrew Wills, and the Hon. John Roper-Curzon enjoying his first London party for a long time as he has been abroad for several years fulfilling the duties of A.D.C. Also Mr. Ian McCorquodale, the Earl of Suffolk, Mr. John Adams, the Earl of Clarendon, Mr. Timothy Harford, Mr. Euan Johnston, the Hon. Mark Fitzalan-Howard, and the Hon. Richard Rhys.

Lord and Lady Brocket invited just a very few of their older friends for this very enjoyable evening. Among them were the Earl and

[Continued overleaf]



Robin Adler

MISS JULIA MARTINEAU, eighteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. "Bunny" Martineau of Old Park, Chichester, Sussex

MISS MARGARET WALKER (right) is the daughter of the late Major Gerald Walker and of Mrs. Walker of Hyde Park Gate



MISS ELIZABETH LEATHES, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Leathes, who was presented at the second Presentation Party

THE HON. SARAH FELLOWES (right), elder daughter of Lord and Lady De Ramsey, of Abbots Ripton Hall, near Huntingdon





Yevonde

MISS KATHERINE SACHS is the only daughter of the Hon. Sir Eric Sachs and Lady Sachs. She will be presented this season by her mother. Her grandfather is Lord Goddard, the Lord Chief Justice of England



Harlip



MISS JULIA CALVERT who is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Calvert, of Picts House, Horsham, Sussex. Her parents are giving a dance for her on June 7 at Lennardslee, Sussex, lent by Sir Giles Loder, Bt., and Lady Loder

MISS MERLE ROPNER is the daughter of Sir Leonard Ropner, Bt., the Member of Parliament for Barkston Ash, and Lady Ropner. She will have a dance in August at Thorpe Perrow, Bedale, Yorkshire

Countess of Shrewsbury, and Lord and Lady Cornwallis, Viscountess Maitland, Major and the Hon. Mrs. Wills, Elspeth Lady Teynham and Lady Jean Zinovieff. The Earl of Shrewsbury was enjoying his first London party after his serious attack of poliomyelitis, and everyone was delighted to see him about again, also Lady Cornwallis, who has been ill and said that she too was enjoying her first party for many months. The Cornwallises have recently bought that lovely country home Ashurst Park, near Tunbridge Wells, and hope to move in this year.

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THIS year I went up to the Grand National meeting at Aintree for the day, travelling by one of the four "specials" run by British Railways from Euston. Despite the early hour of departure, about 8 a.m., that great personality Mr. Turrell, for many years stationmaster at Euston, was there, immaculate in his top hat, black overcoat and carnation, to see all the specials off. They were fully booked, with the same reserved seat for each passenger both ways. Breakfast and lunch were served on the journey up, and tea and dinner on the return journey before we reached London again around 9.30 p.m. It was a most comfortable way of getting up to see this great race.

Although I, like many others, have seen a great number of Grand Nationals, it is always an exciting and thrilling event which has no equal anywhere in the world. This year was as good a race as anyone could wish to see, with eleven of the thirty-nine starters completing the course and no serious grief to any horse or rider.

This famous meeting is always connected with Mrs. Mirabel Topham, a great character who for many years has run, and, one might say, ruled, Aintree racecourse for horse racing and more recently motor racing. This year she came into the news again by trying to make those who take everything and give nothing to racing, contribute. Although her scheme may not have been successful it has certainly given a lead to executives of all race courses, and those connected with the good of racing in this country, to work out a practical scheme on the lines she suggested.

WATCHING from Mrs. Topham's private box were the Postmaster-General, Mr. Ernest Marples, and the M.P. for Marylebone, Sir Wavell Wakefield, and Lady Wakefield, who like myself had travelled up for the day on one of the special trains. Sir Wavell was flying out on an official mission the following day to Iraq. The Earl of Derby was much missed at the meeting—he was taken ill recently on an official trip to the Far East and has been laid up ever since his return—but the Countess of Derby was there. The Earl and Countess of Sefton, the latter very neat in navy blue, had a big house party at Croxteth and with them in their box I saw Mr. Jock Whitney, whose horse Son And Heir II ran second in the Coronation Hurdle race that day, the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury (he like the Earl of Sefton is one of the Stewards of the meeting), Earl and Countess Cadogan, Lady Dorothea Head, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke,

the latter wearing a very gay yellow hat with a long mink coat, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thursby and Ann Lady Orr-Lewis.

Looking at the horses in the paddock I saw the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, Viscount and Viscountess Cranborne, the latter wearing a large felt hat with her short mink coat, the Duke of Roxburghe and Lord Grimthorpe who were both Stewards, Lady Grimthorpe, Mrs. Robert Rivers-Bulkeley talking to Lord Kenyon and his wife who looked very neat in a dark blue tweed coat and small black hat, Mr. and Mrs. Brian Rootes, the latter also very neat in a pink and grey tweed coat and pink velvet beret, the Hon. John Lampton, Captain and Mrs. Charles Ratcliffe, Mr. John Wylie who had flown over for the day from Dublin, the Hon. Charles and the Hon. Mrs. Stourton who had come over on one of the special trains from Yorkshire, and Mr. Francis Williams, Q.C., the Recorder of Birkenhead, and his wife and daughters Anna and Victoria who had come over from Denbigh and saw one of their horses run in the fifth race.

OTHERS in the paddock were Mr. and Mrs. George Gibson, whose son Major David Gibson rode his own horse China Clipper II in the race and was going well until he fell at the last fence, also Mr. and Mrs. Guy Lawrence and Mr. Dick Wilkins, the joint-owners of Rose Park. Mr. Wilkins looked much fitter after his trip to the Far East on doctor's orders, and was full of praise for the comfort and service from the staff on the P. & O. liner Chusan on which he made the round trip. Also there were Major Stanley Cayzer who was staying with Sir Evelyn and Lady Delves Broughton at Nantwich, Mr. R. Guest who had come over from America to see his horse Virginius run, Mrs. Bache Hay who owned the favourite Goosander, and those good supporters of racing Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Kohn from Warwickshire, whom everyone was delighted to see win the great race a little later with Sundew, brilliantly ridden by the champion jockey Fred Winter.

The Chief Constable for Lancashire, Col. Eric St. Johnston, and Mrs. St. Johnston entertained a succession of friends in their luncheon room. Here I met Major and Mrs. F. W. Nicholson. He is a very keen horseman and a fine whip, and among the few people who drives a coach every weekend, all the year round. Each summer he brings his team to London for a week in June, for the annual meet of the Coaching Club, and their dinner at Hurlingham Club, when he drives back to London after dark. The following week he drives over from Windsor each day to attend Royal Ascot. I also met the St. Johnston's pretty schoolgirl daughter Caroline, who was just off to Paris to study for a year before she makes her débüt in 1958.

Watching the racing from the boxes in the County Stand I saw Lady Helen Smith, the Earl and Countess of Rocksavage who had Col. and Mrs. Gerard Leigh with them, U.S. Admiral Tulley Shelly, Mr. Jim Joel, Gen. Sir Colin and Lady Barber, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Courage who received many congratulations when their horse Tiberetta, which Mr. Courage bred and trained himself, finished third in the Grand National.

To Lady George Scott, one of the vice-chairmen, must go much of the credit for the success of this year's London Ball, which was held at the Dorchester in aid of the Association and London Union of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs. In the absence abroad of the two other vice-chairmen, the Countess of Bessborough, who only returned from America a couple of days before the ball (although she had done a lot before she left) and Mrs. John Ward, who alas had to go away to recuperate in Madeira after an operation, a lot of the final work of running the event fell on Lady George Scott, who, in spite of her many other ties, arranged a most enjoyable and successful evening. Another hard worker for the effort was Mrs. Val Parnell.

An amusing interlude at the ball was a Rock 'n' Roll contest, judged by Laurence Harvey. The winners were Miss Alison Glover partnered by Mr. Philip de Laszlo. Miss Glover's prize is a pastel portrait of herself drawn by Lady George Scott (who draws and paints under the name of Molly Bishop) and Mr. de Laszlo won a bottle of champagne. The Countess of Bessborough, who looked very chic in blue, and her husband were both there and had a party of about forty at several tables. Lord and Lady George Scott, the latter looking very attractive in a printed tafeta sheath dress with a bustle which she had designed herself, also had a big party.

Among the Earl and Countess of Bessborough's guests were the Spanish Ambassador, the Duc de Primo de Rivera, the Italian Ambassador Count Zoppi, Mr. and Mrs. Vane Ivanovic and his sister Mrs. Maclean, Mr. Leopold Lonsdale, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Legge and Ann Lady Orr-Lewis. With Lord and Lady George Scott I saw the Earl of Westmorland and his wife, who looked lovely in pink, Earl Beatty, Lord and Lady Melchett—the latter very attractive in a white dress was among the finalists in the rock 'n' roll contest partnered by Prince Weikersheim—Mr. and Mrs. Reresby Sitwell, Mr. Francis Dashwood and his fiancée Miss Victoria de Rutzen, the Hon. Morys and Mrs. Bruce and the Master of Sinclair.

Lord and Lady Kilmarnock were at a nearby table where I also saw the Hon. Mrs. Julian Berry. Mrs. Val Parnell had a party including Mr. Billy Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. John Shepridge and Mr. Ivan and Lady Edith Foxwell.

★ ★ ★

It is always a joy, and a very exhilarating one, to go to a party where you meet unusually interesting people. This happened at a very delightful cocktail party given at the Travellers' Club by Sir John and Lady Nicholls, who have been in Israel since 1954. Sir John has now been posted as our Ambassador to Yugoslavia and takes up his appointment in Belgrade at the end of April. The party was a mixture of Sir John and Lady Nicholls's friends, many of whom they had not seen for nearly three years, and younger friends (quite a number from the Foreign Office) of their very attractive daughter Caroline who is a débutante this year, and is having her coming out dance at their home at Felsted in Essex this month. When her parents go off to Belgrade, Caroline will be staying with a great friend of the family in London, so that she can still enjoy her first season.

Among the older guests at this good party I met Mr. Evelyn Shuckburgh, who is Assistant Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office; his only daughter came out last year. Also there was Signor Cottafavi, who had just arrived at the Italian Embassy, and his very pretty wife; they were both in Israel at the same time as their host and hostess. Mr. Walworth Barbour the U.S. Minister in London was at the party, he and Sir John having first met when they both had their first posts in Athens, and later they were both in Moscow at the same time. Two more friends from their Moscow days delighted to see them again were M. and Mme. Louis Gossin. He was formerly Belgian Ambassador in Moscow and is now Secretary-General of West European Union in London. Mr. Alan Moorhead came for a short while, and another most interesting personality I met was Russian-born Mr. Lubin, who is a brilliant linguist and archaeologist and has worked in this country with one of our great chemical firms for over thirty years.

FROM here I went on to the Hyde Park Hotel where the Hon. Mrs. James Philipps and her sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Philip Kindersley, were giving a cocktail party for their daughters, Miss Daphne Philipps, who is tall and blonde with great charm, and Miss Nicolette Kindersley, who is also a charming and attractive girl, and made many friends last season. This was a big party, with many of last year's débutantes as well as those who are enjoying their first season this year. Among the former I saw Miss Sally Hambro, Miss Sally Hall and Miss Victoria Cannon.

Some of this year's débutantes there were Miss Susan Wills, who looked very pretty, Miss Sally Hunter, Miss Gail Clyde and Miss Karen Player who has inherited the family good looks and came with her mother, Mrs. Stephen Player. There were also a large number of young men who included Mr. Tim Thornton and his cousin Jeremy, Mr. Tony Russell who is off to America and Canada on a business trip in May, Mr. Arthur Johnston and Mr. Christopher Hodgson.

The Hon. Philip Kindersley and the Hon. James Philipps were both present to help their wives with this very enjoyable party, at which there were very few parents.



After their wedding at St. James's, Piccadilly, Mr. Henry Stockdale, son of Lt.-Gen. and the Hon. Mrs. Stockdale, with his bride, formerly Miss Caroline Rich, daughter of Cdr. and Mrs. L. St. G. Rich



Mr. John Newman and Mrs. P. Beckwith-Smith

Mrs. J. Bradford, Miss A. Bradford, Mr. I. Anderson



Mr. Lionel Stopford Sackville, best man, with the bridegroom's parents, and their son Mr. Stockdale

A. V. Swaebe

PLAYGROUND FOR RICH AND POOR

PRIMROSE ROSTRON in this fascinating résumé of Hyde Park's history shows that it has always attracted London's inhabitants, who there disport themselves as on their own property



Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort passing the Achilles statue raised in 1822 in honour of the Duke of Wellington

HYDE PARK proves an enchanting jewel to the historian, the wit, and all who love "the glass of fashion."

Three and a half centuries ago James I went hunting there with his two hounds, Jowler and Jewel, resplendent in green doublet and be-feathered cap. His queen, Anne of Denmark, had water carried from a chain of pools into London by conduits, thus causing many complaints, since the pipes drained the ponds needed by the thirsty deer!

Their son, Charles I, opened Hyde Park to the public. Horse races were held; the running footmen also competing round the Ring for wagers. Milkmaids wandered among the spectators calling, "Milk of a red cow," which the quality drank laced with sack. The ladies bet their scarlet stockings and Spanish scented gloves on Toby, the horse with golden shoes.

The King went to the races regularly. One day he refused to attend unless a notorious evil-liver, Henry Martin, was absent. "Let the ugly rascal be run out of the park," exclaimed Charles. Martin left London, but he had his revenge when he signed the King's death warrant.

Cromwell shut the park on the Lord's Day, as he felt that "godliness" suffered; though the only entertainment to be seen on lawful days was that of Roundhead soldiers drilling.

IN 1652, the park was sold to private persons in three lots. It then measured 621 acres. A year later, John Evelyn recorded: "I went to Hyde Park where every coach was made to pay 1s. and horse 6d. to the sordid fellow who purchased it."

The Puritans forbade dancing and May Games, cutting down the maypole. On May Day, 1654, Londoners rebelled and went in their "best silk petticoats, velvet doublets and russet farthingales." People went a-Maying. Coaches driven by gallants with powdered hair carried patched and painted beauties, pretending that the gay Cavalier days were back.

They had not long to wait. For after the Restoration Charles II reviewed his Lifeguards in the park. An eye-witness tells that the young men were handsome, their Cavalier hats decorated with a profusion of white feathers, the scarlet coats with gold lace and slashed sleeves. High jack boots were worn, and swift, high spirited horses ridden with tails and manes tied with ribbons. It must indeed have been a gorgeous sight!

THE park was again Crown property. Daily, society was seen riding and coaching. The Ring was the fashionable rendezvous of the beau-monde. Pepys went driving there with his wife and her companion, Deb., in the spring of 1688; but they were too embarrassed to be seen beside the Ring in a mere hackney, so they drove around the park instead!

The Ring was the racecourse at the northern end of the park. A Frenchman described it as "being 200-300 paces in diameter, with a sorry kind of balustrade, or rather with poles placed upon stakes, but three feet from the ground, and the coaches drive round this."

Richard Steele brought his pretty wife. He wrote: "One afternoon we looked at two Arabian horses sent to the Treasurer, Goldophin." These Arabs became the forebears of the blue blood of the racecourse. Their grandson, Eclipse, won all his races untouched by whip or spur. Once, he ran four miles in eight minutes carrying 160 lb.

By 1737, King George II's new road, gravelled and lit, was finished. But highwaymen were still a menace. Horace Walpole was robbed by the notorious MacLean, who stole his gold and watch and eight guineas. After this patrols were instituted, and the next year MacLean was hanged at Tyburn.

THE wits laughed in 1770 at the Macaronis riding in Rotten Row, once Dutch William's old Lamp Road from Kensington. "Their legs are slim and their shoulders wider
Dear sweet little creatures both pony and rider."

Such exquisites, when not eating macaroni in St. James's, were parading in the park, their hair tied in a topknot, long sidecurls and a chignon behind. Their striped silk coats and breeches were tight fitting, with ribbons at the knee. When greeting friends their cocked hats were raised by their canes, which showed off their seals, chains and watches.

In the summer of 1814, a large gala fête was held in the three parks to combine Victory celebrations with the Jubilee of the House of Brunswick. Many important visitors were in London, including the Czar and the German Emperor. Hyde Park was filled with booths, puppet shows and pickpockets. Pantaloon, Harlequin and Columbine consumed sausages and porter against a background of Chinese lanterns and fireworks. The fête cost £40,000. But the most popular spectacle was provided by a girl bathing naked in the Serpentine. She was pulled out by a band of matrons, while thousands of men stood watching!

In 1822 the Achilles statue was unveiled, in honour of the Duke of Wellington. The "Ladies of England" who paid £10,000 towards its cost often failed to grasp the precise connection between the statue and noble Duke. It was a bronze copy of the Phidias, representing Alexander the Great taming Bucephalus, forgetting that the sculptor had died a century before Alexander was born. Other odd features were the ladies placing the Duke's head on a Grecian statue. Society found it hideous and no longer patronized the Wellington Drive, but returned to Rotten Row. Today, smiling tolerantly we hardly notice this strange creation.



"The St. James's Macaroni" on park parade



Programme sellers Miss Lorna Lyle, Miss Gail Clyde, Mrs. Timothy Clowes, Miss Lucinda Roberts and Miss Susan Mullins at the Dorchester

The Countess of Bessborough, Miss Zena Marshall, Mrs. Val Parnell

Mr. Mark Bentley and Miss Gertrude Wallis were among the gu

AT THE LONDON BALL

THE LONDON BALL in aid of the National Association and London Union of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs was well attended and highly successful



A. V. Swaebe

Lady Daphne Cadogan and Mr. Tom Craig trying their luck at the hoop-la stall



Lord George Scott partnering Lady George Scott



The Countess of Westmorland with Earl Beatty

"TO EVERY CHILD A NAME IN SEASON DUE"



SYDNEY CARTER inquires, at a time of year when hankerings for change arise, into the suitability and propriety of names—especially one's own



A PARSON, I see, has objected because a mother wants to call her daughter "Marilyn." This is an old, old battle. St. John Chrysostom was fighting it fifteen hundred years ago: children, he was saying, should be named after saints, not after the glamorous pagans of antiquity. But look at the example of the saints themselves: there are saints called Apollo, Diana and Mercury, not to mention Lancelot and Guinevere.

Father Gumbley, a Dominican, has just produced a little book to help the puzzled priest: a list of "such common English names as do not at first sight appear to be those of saints," but are. Such common English names as Afra, Dympna and Osanna for a girl, or October for a boy.

The horse had bolted long before St. John Chrysostom tried to shut the door. Clergymen continued to thunder against wanton names, especially for girls; but a glance at medieval records shows how much success they had. In the days of Richard the Lion-Hearted, there were English girls called Italia, Leda, Melodia, Extranea and Aliena. Boys were less enterprising: Paris, Pharamus and Splendor were about the best that they could do.

Father Gumbley started me on this, with his *Unusual Baptismal Names*, published by Blackfriars. It is a good four shillingsworth; but if you can stretch to 15s. Withycombe is the man I recommend. His *Oxford Dictionary Of English Christian Names* is the ideal bedside book for the expectant father.

PURITANS are rare today; but if there are any, and they are still undecided what to call their child, they can get some good ideas from Withycombe. Everyone has heard of Praise-God Barebones; but the Puritans could think up better names than that. The problem facing them was serious: how to break with Popish tradition and devise new names appropriate to the Elect. Names taken from the Bible were already being used by the ungodly. Even if you met a man called Habakkuk, it was no guarantee that he did not believe in bishops or dance around the Maypole. One solution was to make new names in Latin, like Desiderius or Amor (to be understood in a sense that was strictly spiritual). You could use the English equivalent—Desire, and Love; this was sometimes done, but it gave an opening to ribald wits. It was safer, if you had to use an English name, to call your child Reformation, Dust, Ashes, Discipline or Tribulation. But the average Puritan, to do him justice, seldom went as far as this. He settled for Jane, Mary or Elizabeth, like his superstitious neighbour.

The outlook for a foundling, though, was not so good. Some

Puritan ministers could not forbear to turn the child into a living sermon by naming it Lament, Forsaken or Flie-fornication. A little foundling girl of Baltonsbury, Somerset, was launched in life as Misericordia-adulterina.

Girls, lately, have been stealing boys' names: I know a female Robin, and a Billy and a Bobby. This is nothing new. In the Middle Ages, girls often took the name of a male saint. In French or Italian it was easy to stick on an ending which made it feminine; in English it was not so simple, so you might meet an Alexander, Thomas or William who was a girl. But there was a one way traffic in this matter; boys were seldom called by female names, unless you wanted to be uncharitable.

IN a twelfth-century tract, quoted by Withycombe, somebody says: "Women's names or nicknames are given to lazy, slothful, effeminate persons, not at their baptism, but on account of their vicious life, as, for example, we formerly knew about a Robert who for his infamous character was called Godiva."

One wonders about Robert.

Protestants had little use for patron saints; but rugged-sounding names for daughters now crept in another way. Surnames started to be used as Christian names for either sex; which is how Percy, Neville, Russell, Howard, Lesley and Sydney first came into circulation. Lord Paget (1609-78), for example, called his daughter Essex. Most of these names have settled down as masculine, but Lesley and Sydney are borderline cases. This gives them one advantage: you can name a child before you know its sex. "Shirley" used to be available to either sex; but since the rise of Shirley Temple, so many little girls have borne this name that it is no longer kind to give it to a boy. A girl can wear a boy's name with a swagger; a boy with a girlish name will sink beneath the load.

There is one class of names intentionally neuter; those used by midwives to christen children before birth, when there was a danger that they might not be born alive. Names such as Vitalis, Creature, Chylde-of-God.

The star of Marilyn Monroe had not come into the ken of Withycombe by 1949, when he added fifty new names to his dictionary; nor had Sabrina. How does he decide, I wonder, if and when a name is English? Most of our names have come from somewhere else. John and Mary, which have always been in the top ten since 1550 (when registration became compulsory), are Hebrew in origin.

Apart from Alfred and Edward, and Edith and Ethel, it is rare to meet an Anglo-Saxon name today. Gone is Egbert; gone, too, is Grimbold, though in 1605 Camden wrote that it was "a



name most usual in the old family of Pauncefoot." William came over with the Normans; so did Richard, Robert and Matilda. Latin names reached England chiefly through the saints; so did Greek, though there is one Greek name, Helen, in which I feel we ought to claim a share. Its prestige as a Christian name is due, says Withycombe, not to the Queen of Troy, but to St. Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine. Tradition says that she was British, daughter of no less a personage than Old King Cole. Modern Greek names have not percolated yet. The prettiest Greek girl I knew was called "grammar"—Grammatiké; shortened, for practical purposes, to Kiki. She disappeared in the direction of America; if she ever gets to Hollywood, parsons may have to worry about "Kiki" next.

IF a girl doesn't like her name, what can she do about it? She can change it, and she doesn't have to pay a penny; but—and here the snag is—she can't force anyone to call her by it. Her baptismal name, if any, will remain for ever on the register. The chief problem, if you change your name, is to prove that you are the same person as you were before.

If you want to establish this fact publicly, you can make a Deed Poll, and publish the news in the *London Gazette*. This will cost you roughly twenty pounds. Or you can make a private Deed, to leave with your solicitor. This will cost you four or five.

But still the Church, if you have a Church, will recognize only the name given to you in baptism. Legally, it is not clear what, if anything, is a legal name at all. It is not even clear if a parson can refuse to christen a girl "Marilyn"; or, if he does refuse, what exactly you can do to make him.

A name is what you are known by. If you can get people to call you "Marilyn," well done. If they still call you Ermyntrude, don't speak to them.

Roundabout

THE DOOR FLIES OPEN ON A GOLDEN AGE

Cyril Ray

"**A**LDWYCH FARICAL" was the name given by Mr. Osbert Lancaster to the truly rural version, in Metroland, of what he has also described in his various works on the indoor and the outdoor aspects of the Englishman's castle, as "Wimbledon Transitional."

He refers to the bewildering selection of doors and French windows which one constantly expects "to fly open and reveal the pyjama clad forms of Mr. Robertson Hare or Mr. Ralph Lynn."

Patently, Mr. Lancaster doesn't care for the style very much, but he sounds as though he enjoyed the Aldwych farces in his time, and what a tribute it is to Ben Travers, their author, to have a whole period of interior decoration named after his life's work! No other playwright—not Shakespeare, even, can feel himself so honoured.

I have been reading Mr. Travers's autobiography, *Vale Of Laughter*, and recalling how deeply marked was my own youth, between the wars, by those uproariously gay, only very slightly naughty confections, all so skilfully and admirably designed to show off the man-of-the-world leer of Tom Walls, the conscientious tribulations of Robertson Hare ("he lives next door to everybody," as Mr. Travers so shrewdly puts it), and the plausible vacuity of Ralph Lynn. And is there any Englishman of my age who hasn't in his time been just a little bit in love with Winifred Shotter?

To read about those halcyon days of *Rookery Nook* and the rest, on the stage or on the screen, is to recall dancing to "Tea For Two"; to see Woolley batting for Kent, and Dick Tyldesley larding the earth as he trundled up his slows, his face big enough—as Neville Cardus once wrote—to have "Lancashire" written all over it. Happy days—if only we had known how happy!

Cricket comes to mind, because this enchanting book is almost as much about cricket—the author's passion—as it is about the stage. But especially, I am glad to have been introduced to that astonishing character, the late Reginald Golding Bright, the play-agent, "a short pudgy man" who looked and behaved like a bulldog, and whose bedside books were the Holy Bible and *Ruff's Guide To The Turf*.

And Mr. Travers's description of his wartime duties in the Air Ministry's security section:

"To stop the Germans thinking we knew anything about anything we knew about them, if we didn't already know they knew we knew."

The only critical note I can strike about this endearing and enjoyable book is to wonder in what guide to the peerage Ben Travers found a "Lord" Tichborne.

★ ★ ★

BEN TRAVERS wrote nine of the eleven Aldwych farces produced between the middle nineteen-twenties and the middle nineteen-thirties—from just before the General Strike to just after the advent of Hitler, to put a decade of laughter into historical perspective.

Other people may remember this as the period, roughly, of cloche hats and the Co-optimists, of Mlle. Lenglen and Miss Amy Johnson, of André Charlot and the Charleston. But there are those, too, who will recall simply Mary Brough in *Rookery Nook*, the apotheosis of a daily lady on her dignity, and deter-



JOHN GILROY has included in his exhibition of portraits, drawings and Spanish paintings at the Leighton House Art Gallery, Kensington, this three-quarter length painting of Field-Marshal the Rt. Hon. Earl Alexander of Tunis, K.G.



BEN TRAVERS, author of numerous rollicking Aldwych farces which raised the status of the genre to a work of art, has written his autobiography, *Vale Of Laughter* (Bles, 18s.)



"And when did you first observe the hallucinations?"

mined not to be put upon : "I will come at eight thirty in the morning; earlier than that I cannot be."

Not very funny, you think? Ah, but then you didn't see that pursed-up paragon of respectability thus assert her rights. Or Robertson Hare, trouserless, look unspeakable things at Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn, his tormentors, or hear him murmur a lugubrious, "indubitably!"

Those, as they say, were the days, and Ben Travers, who is old enough to have flown a Sopwith biplane round the London skies in pursuit of a raiding Zeppelin, and to have seen Bradman play in his first Test—and be afterwards dropped—did much to make them what they were.

That first exciting glimpse of Bradman must have been in 1928, and I suppose it is approximately from the same period that Mr. Travers culled the story of Arthur Mailey, that astringently funny philosopher whom I have written about before, in these columns. It seems that the Australian eleven was entertained at a State Government House, just after Mailey had emerged from proletarian obscurity to become his country's greatest slow bowler. Her Excellency said, "And I don't suppose you've been to Government House before, Mr. Mailey?"

"Oh, yes I have," said Mailey.

"Indeed? And when was that?"

"A year or two ago," said Mailey, "I came to fix the gas."

★ ★ ★

A YEAR and a week ago I reported here on a visit to Viscount Weymouth's school at Warminster—a school I had not then previously heard of—to see a performance of Clifford Bax's *The Rose Without A Thorn*, and wrote how charmingly and sensitively

A GARDENER TO HIS LOVE

To you, my sweet, I fain would make
This vow, which I shall not forsake
While I can wield a spade and hoe
And there are vegetables to grow. . . .

I'll pluck the radish from her bed
To weave a garland for your head
And, pests permitting, at your feet
I'll lay an offertory of beet.

What rarer jewel for you, my queen;
Than spinach tender, crisp and green?
How could you spurn my passionate plea,
When reinforced with celery?

No canker in this heart, I swear,
No slug, no snail, no cutworm there;
Say you'll be mine and surely then
My beans, for joy, will bear again.

—Jean Stanger

the part of Kathryn Howard was played by a schoolboy of only fourteen.

I have just been to the same school and seen a boy of only a little older—fifteen, perhaps—play Joan in the Christopher Fry translation of Anouilh's *The Lark*. How right the Elizabethans were to give to boys the women's parts in their plays! A girl would have to be twice the age of these lads to bring the same combination of strength and pathos to these very moving and, indeed, exacting rôles.

THIS little school, in its beautiful Queen Anne house, built of Bath stone, has about a hundred and fifty boys, ranging from eight to eighteen (which means that the youngest are hardly old enough for the school play), and twenty-two of them had parts in the play, to say nothing of about as many again engaged in one way or another in the production.

Bradfield, I know, has its Greek play; I have seen Eton play Shakespeare beautifully; and I know of the stage tradition of the Sloane School at Chelsea, and others. But I don't know of any school that gets as high a proportion of its boys, year after year, on to the stage as Lord Weymouth's does—and I admire its enterprise in tackling Anouilh. It is most unusual for school acting to depart from the accepted classics, headed by Shakespeare—whose works one of our leading actors (according to a recent newspaper quotation) maintains should be sternly withheld from anyone under eighteen.

Acting, it always seems to me, is one of the most admirable of all school activities: it teaches the team spirit, good manners, and something of the glories of poetry. And I don't suppose that any boy who has acted in *The Lark* will ever be entirely ignorant of history.





Mrs. G. Kohn leads in her horse Sundew after he had been ridden to victory by Fred Winter

THE GRAND NATIONAL

MANY THOUSANDS of spectators came from all over Great Britain and Ireland to see a very exciting Grand National at Aintree. Jennifer describes it on page 70



Miss Sally Hunter, Miss Theo Bassett and Miss Victoria Vaughan

Major Geoffrey Churton, Major Keith Rae, Mrs. Rae and Miss Vreni Mieir

Col. H. R. Marshall, Mrs. Jack Bissill and Mrs. Marshall

Miss Scarlet Rimell, Mrs. F. Rimell and Mr. L. Carver



A WILTSHIRE MEETING

IN PERFECT weather which drew a large and appreciative crowd, the V.W.H. (Cricklade) Point-to-Point meeting was held at Barbury Castle, Wroughton, Wiltshire. The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret enjoyed an exciting day's racing



Princess Margaret with Mrs. E. P. Barker, joint-Master

The Queen Mother with Major E. P. Barker, joint-Master



Mrs. St. John Quarry and Capt. P. Bengough

Mr. Gerald Balding with Miss Susan Chivers



Major and Mrs. T. G. Baker with their son Hugh

Mr. P. E. Dibble on Curby Walk after winning his race



P. C. Palmer
Miss Jane Barker, Miss Ann Townsend, Mr. Tony Pearce

Miss G. Pearce won the Ladies' Race on Colonel Chinstrap





lan Graham

VIRGINIA SCARETTI, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Enrico Scaretti, who is engaged to Don Francesco Borghese, son of Don Rodolfo and Donna Giulia Borghese, is seen at their home near Florence, "Il Trebbio"



TYRONE POWER, who is starring in the filming of Ernest Hemingway's novel "The Sun Also Rises," published in Britain as "Fiesta," is seen (right) with Danick Patisson and Eddie Albert in Paris where the action is set



Priscilla in Paris

ROYAL REPUBLICANS

I LIKE to think that while this is being read, Paris will be ringing with the cheers of the good people of France who, while I am writing, are flocking already to town, intent on welcoming *Sa gracieuse Majesté*. From provincial city, from village and hamlet everyone who, this spring-tide, has reason or excuse to make a trip to *la grandville* has arranged to be here. From the grandes dames of the bourgeoisie, who booked their rooms at their favourite hotel as early as last October, to the little Jeanette who works in the sardine factory on my Island and whose sister, in service in Paris, will make room for her in the narrow, folding cot of her tiny bedroom.

My affection and sympathy go to all, but most strongly to those sightseers who will stand and wait. They are so comfortably, so happily and so typically French. I have spoken with many. They are delighted because so many kilometres will be covered at different hours of the day and night, by the Royal Rolls or the republican Talbots and Citroëns, that they will have occasion—several occasions—to see France's Royal Visitors.

Plans are being made, as they are made in all countries for such events, as to how and where one will be able to see best. It seems to me that those plans are more delightfully and crazily childish here than elsewhere.

ONE small boy, who is not very good at arithmetic but who has spent hours computing the number of trees in the avenues where *madame la Reine* will drive, wonders whether there are enough *agents de police* in town to guard them all and prevent him from climbing into the topmost branches to see her pass.

Crazier still were the young people who decided to swim out on the evening of the floodlit river trip, with its fireworks and entertainments, and hide under various bridges in order to be close enough to see whether *la jolie petite Reine et son grand mari* enjoyed the spectacle *vraiment*! Fortunately they tried out their scheme during the rehearsals that have taken place during the past week and those who were not caught by the river police discovered that although a brisk dip and swim may be enjoyable to hardy ice-breakers, April nights are not yet warm enough for prolonged immersion.

My concierge is the indignant mother of one of these adventurous lads. "... And would madame believe it," she grumbled: "he cleaned up every mite of my *saindoux*—I who intended making *pommes de terre frites* next day—in order to grease himself all over. To keep out the cold, he said! Poor imbecile! Madame ought to have seen him when he got home. Blue, he was, like the month of Saint Mary! Teeth chattering loud enough to wake the whole house . . . !" I discovered later that once the good woman was assured that her offspring had come to no harm she had another reason for her ire. Not then knowing about the grease she had surrounded him with hot water bottles and the result, to the bedclothes, had been disastrous!

YVES MIRANDE, the dramatist, is dead. He was eighty-two, the youngest over-eighty Paris has ever known. He died as he has lived: laughing. It was after a gay luncheon party with some young friends. The news arrived that an outsider he had backed had "romped home!" "Mes enfants, we must celebrate. Let's go to Fouquet's!" he decreed and a moment later, as he slipped his arm into his overcoat, he collapsed and died.

He was the gayest and wittiest of men. A play-boy who really enjoyed his play, while the great public enjoyed his plays. One wondered how he found time to write them all. Comedies, lyrics, film scripts, they were innumerable, but write them he did, although he was notoriously lazy, and most of them enjoyed record runs. British visitors to Paris will remember *Octave*, *Le Chasseur De Chez Maxim's*, *Un Petit Trou Pas Cher* and so many others.

"En voitures . . ."

- Little girl who is trying to eat a small crustacean "politely": "It would be easier without the coachwork!"



Miss Daphne Philipp and Miss Nickie Kindersley
await their guests

PARTY FOR DEBUTANTES

THE HON. MRS. JAMES PHILIPPS and the Hon. Mrs. Philip Kindersley gave a cocktail party at the Hyde Park Hotel for Miss Daphne Philipp and Miss Nicolette Kindersley

Mr. Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain
and the Hon. Philip Kindersley

Mr. R. Hawkins, Miss Lucinda
Roberts, Lady Daphne Cadogan



Viscount Pollington in conversation with Miss
Suna Portman



Lord Granville, Mr. Jeremy Thornton and
Miss Tessa Milne

Miss Diana Stoneham in conversation with the
Hon. Robert Biddulph



Van Hallan

Mr. S. Cleland, Miss M.
Ropner, Miss Victoria Cannon

Princess Charlotte Croy, Lord
Oxmantown, Miss V. Messel



At the Theatre

BRITAIN'S NEWEST SPORTING FIXTURE

"DAMN YANKEES" (Coliseum). A more unlikely story to captivate the hearts of an introspective English cricket-loving audience couldn't be found than this Faustian fantasy of an elderly baseball player who is re-given his youth (Ivor Emmanuel, right, bottom left) by the Devil (Bill Kerr, right) to help his home team beat those damn Yankees. But for this, insists the team manager (Donald Stewart, behind), you've got to have a heart which is tempted by the Devil's advocate Lola (Belita) in or out of tights. Drawings by Gian Williams

RISKS taken in the English market with the big American musical are rising. It is a show now believed capable of punching across almost any sort of story, success depending simply on the weight behind the punch.

This belief has yet to be proved wrong. *The Pajama Game* took a chance on the pros and cons of a factory wages dispute turning on an increase of seven cents, and brashly and brassily got away with it. *Damn Yankees*, put together by the same team of authors, follows at the Coliseum and takes what looks to be an even bigger chance. English audiences are expected to imperil a lifetime's loyalty to cricket by taking baseball as something more than glorified rounders and to appreciate that for the promise of becoming a natural hero of the game any healthy-minded American male would willingly sell his soul. It is undoubtedly a tough proposition, but I shall be surprised if the punch that this musical packs does not do the trick once more.

THERE is nothing wrong with the punch insofar as it aims at driving home the excitement and glamour of a ball game that ought to leave us cold. Much the best scenes in the show, paradoxically, are those that deal directly with baseball. Elsewhere the punch may possibly miscarry, but not here. The

team in all the glory of their strange clobber have some crashingly good songs. One celebrates the importance to players deficient in technical skill of the mysterious quality called "heart." It must be one of the loudest songs ever to be heard in the Coliseum, and it is no end exhilarating. An even better one describes with lively invention how a baseball player worth his salt never forgets when confronted with life's greatest temptations the duty he owes to "the game," even though he may wait till the last possible moment for something to remind him of what he must never forget.

These scenes indeed are so vigorous that we find much of the story proper, a jazzed-up version of the Faust legend, comparatively tame in its conventionality. This is not merely the effect of contrast. The



MEGS (Betty Paul), the player's wife, and (below) Sister (Mavis Villiers)



story itself starts amusingly but takes itself so seriously that we lose patience with its twists and turns. Its central figure is a plump baseball fan. He yearns so powerfully to see his local team win the league pennant that the Devil springs up to serve him and for the price of his soul rejuvenates him into the greatest baseball player of the day, complete with fan clubs, home-town parades and an Un-American activities quizzing.

BUT the national hero is a good husband and suffers in the midst of his triumphs from homesickness. The Devil, knowing that there is an "escape" clause in the pact has to make sure of his victim's soul by producing a temptress. And all this side of the story, with its strip-tease episodes and night club revelries on the one hand and the baseball player's furtive returns home on the other, becomes a bit of a bore. We are always wishing to get back to the baseball field and hear some more rousing choruses and see the players going through the stylized motions of playing the game.

The deep-throated chorus of players is splendidly led by Mr. Robin Hunter, the hero splendidly sung by Mr. Ivor Emmanuel and there is no danger so far as the men are concerned of the intended punch miscarrying.

But Belita, the ex-skater, finds herself miscast as the Devil's temptress, and it is a vitally important part. Lola was the ugliest woman in Birmingham, Ohio, till she bartered her soul for dazzling beauty, but seemingly she is a demon conscience-struck with misgivings.

SHE is aware of her beauty, but distrusts her power to use it effectively. Charged by the Devil to dazzle the baseball champion out of his senses, she goes through her strip-tease exercises quite conscious that she is making rather a hash of them. Belita on the first night quite failed to make this comic point. We were left with a strip-tease act that was poor to the point of embarrassment, and though she made a good recovery in the little comic dance which followed it was too late to save the main scene from near-catastrophe.

Neither she nor Mr. Emmanuel as lost souls dancing madly in an infernal night club are well served by the producer. The whole dance needs drastic shortening. Mr. Bill Kerr, a Mephisto in bright red socks, is always in the picture, and there is a good sketch by Miss Betty Paul as the baseball widow who entertains her husband unawares as the unrecognizably lithe and glamorous baseball champion.

—Anthony Cookman



MASTER OF THE DOLLS

FREDERICK ASHTON danced the old showman in the Gala Performance of "Petrushka" recently presented at Covent Garden in the presence of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. Dressed as a magician, the showman introduces his animated dolls

Photograph by Houston Rogers





This remarkable picture was taken by photographer Roger Wood at the opening night of "Damn Yankees" at the Coliseum. Attending as a unit of the crowd scene in a baseball stand, he took advantage of the flood-lighting of the auditorium to photograph the distinguished audience

"DAMN YANKEES" HAS A VERY SEASONAL AIR

THE springlike verve and gaiety of *Damn Yankees* at the Coliseum makes it an ideal musical aperitif to accompany the onset of the Season. This spectacular musical is reviewed by our Dramatic Critic on page 82.

JENNIFER writes:—A great many members of the entertainment world were in the audience at the opening of the big new American musical *Damn Yankees* at the Coliseum Theatre. They included the composer Richard Adler, Sophie Tucker who, wearing a full-length blu mink coat over her sequined evening dress, was given a tremendous welcome to London by a number of friends, actresses Dorothy Dickson, in a short red evening dress, and Pamela Brown, actors Arthur Askey and Leslie Henson, producers Sir Michael Balcon and Lady Balcon, Mr. Jack Hylton and Mr. Jack Dunfee with his lovely wife, and Mr. Cecil Madden of television fame and his pretty daughter Mardie.

All present acclaimed without reserve this dynamic show, which revolves at great speed round a baseball team, and includes an outstandingly good male chorus who at one period held up the show for several minutes after one of their songs. Sir Terence and Lady Nugent and his very able assistant in the Lord Chamberlain's office, Brig. Sir Norman Gwatkin, were also in the audience, as were the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. Mendoza, her son Mr. George Suarez Rivas, Vicomtesse d'Orthez, Sir Adrian Jarvis, Prince George Galitzine and Sir Louis and Lady Sterling.



THE SPHINX COMES BACK

MARLENE DIETRICH makes a very welcome return to the screen after an absence of five years. Glamorous as ever she plays her way inscrutably and wittily through "The Monte Carlo Story," a comedy about two inveterate gamblers (herself and Vittorio De Sica)

At the Pictures

GOLD DIGGERS AT MONTE CARLO

NOBODY, I think, has ever accused Miss Marlene Dietrich of being a great actress—but even her friend, Mr. Ernest Hemingway, though he has the hideous temerity to refer to her as "the Kraut," would have to admit that she has always had, in the highest degree, that enviable, irresistible quality known as glamour. This has nothing at all to do with vulgar "vital statistics." "Glamour," says Miss Dietrich, speaking as the acknowledged ultimate authority on the subject, "is assurance."

After an absence of five years, Miss Dietrich has returned to the screen in *The Monte Carlo Story*—an agreeable comedy directed by Mr. Samuel Taylor. Time has fined her down to an almost alarming slimness, lengthened her clear-cut jawline, deepened the setting of her eyes and given the lovely face, with its interesting hollows under the cheekbones, a curiously gelid, masklike look—but her superb assurance, I am happy to report, is unimpaired. Any young person aspiring to set herself up as a *femme fatale* should snatch at this heaven-and-Hollywood-sent opportunity of studying Miss Dietrich's technique: she is the last and greatest exponent of what, one fears, will soon become a lost art—the art of being wholly woman.

Playing opposite Miss Dietrich is that grizzled charmer, Signor Vittorio De Sica. A happier choice of co-star cannot be imagined: in poise and elegance, Signor De Sica is Miss Dietrich's perfect male counterpart—and it's just as well that one of them can act.

THE story is of two exquisitely dressed but penniless gamblers who, while looking for a sure thing at Monte Carlo (the last place I should have expected to encounter it), have the misfortune to find each other. Signor De Sica, an Italian count, has for years lived on a yacht which he won in a poker game—and on the charity of a head-waiter (Mr. Mischa Auer), a chauffeur and a string of servants who have patiently financed his gambling activities in the optimistic belief that one day his luck will change and he will win a fortune at the tables.

The time has come when the count owes his humble friends ten thousand dollars—and the suggestion is made that perhaps it would be a good thing if he gave up gambling and concentrated, instead, on marrying a rich woman. Reluctantly the count agrees. Miss Dietrich, a marquise newly arrived in Monte Carlo, is selected as his victim. Her position is much the same as the count's—described as "past imperfect, present indicative, future conditional": that is to say she is flat broke and bent upon marrying for money. The count appears to her an excellent proposition.

Their delightful relationship is bound to end in disillusionment—but neither cherishes any hard feelings. In fact, the count poses as Miss Dietrich's brother when the marquise sets about ensnaring Mr. Arthur O'Connell, an American millionaire—and is thus able to share the hospitality lavished upon her and to make an inadvertent conquest of the millionaire's impressionable

young daughter, Miss Natalie Trundy, a sweet fresh girl.

Signor De Sica is too honourable a man to take advantage of little Miss Trundy's infatuation, and Miss Dietrich is too inveterate a gambler to feel happy once she is on to an absolute certainty—so they decide after all to throw in their lot together and the Americans are left disconsolately to return to the banks of the Wabash far away.

There are faint echoes of Lubitsch in Mr. Taylor's direction, the setting is romantic and the comedy situations neatly handled—and Miss Dietrich is, as I hope she always will be, supremely Miss Dietrich.

DIRECTED by Mr. Philip Leacock, *High Tide At Noon* deals with life among the lobster-fishermen on a small island off Nova Scotia. Mr. Leacock, who, you may remember, directed *The Kidnappers*, has a great feeling for the out-of-doors and the best thing about this rather slow film is its atmosphere—an impression of harsh, bristling landscapes, a pitiless sea and a wild, salt wind endlessly blowing.

Miss Betta St. John, a clear-eyed innocent in snugly fitting jeans, returns to her island home from school on the mainland. She seems quite unaware of the flutter she causes among the local young men, until the most unpleasant of them, Mr. Patrick McGrohan—a thoroughly convincing nasty bit of work—has a stab at seducing her. After that, she takes the advice of her stern father, Mr. Alexander Knox, dresses less eye-catchingly and stops fooling around with the lads on the water-front.

Mr. Michael Craig, a steady fellow, loves her dearly but doesn't stand a chance against a dimpled stranger, Mr. William Sylvester, who arrives out of the blue and bewitches her by spouting poetry and playing the Skye boat song on the fiddle. Miss St. John marries him—and a great mistake that turns out to be, for he is feckless and idle and gets himself drowned, leaving her without a cent.

At this juncture, the lobsters desert the fishing-grounds and the island families are forced to pack up and leave for the mainland—but you can count upon it that Miss St. John will be drawn back and that the patient Mr. Craig will somehow be there to clasp her to his bosom, and that they will set about raising a new crop of little islanders together.

ANYBODY who has been deluded into thinking that all French films are good films should take a look at *The Poisoner*—an entirely uncalled-for piece of turgidity which should have been thrown into the ashcan on completion.

One asks oneself why it was ever made—but the question the *picture* poses is "Who killed M. De Montency at his country château?" It could have been his fiancée (Mlle. Anne Vernon), his dear little daughter, his mistress, any one of two sisters and brothers-in-law, or—as for one hilarious moment it seemed—the butler. I am pretty sure it was not the blonde strip-tease artiste—but beyond that I am not prepared to go.

Elspeth Grant



Cornel Lucas

A candle to St. Anthony lit by Belinda Lee

THIS IMPRESSIVE STUDY shows Belinda Lee lighting a candle to St. Anthony. The scene is taken from her new film "Miracle In Soho" in which she is partnered by John Gregson. The film, which is written and produced by Emeric Pressburger, is being shot by the Rank Organization at their busy Pinewood Studios

Book Reviews

BARON THE UNFORGETTABLE

Elizabeth Bowen

THE book, **Baron** (Muller, 21s.), is by Baron. And how right that this was the work of no other pen! So direct is the force of the personality that it is less like a book than a man talking. Britain's famous, best loved photographer completed his life story just in time—that is, shortly before his death. Baron, both as artist and as friend, was of the kind born never to be forgotten; nevertheless this, his autobiography, should be now extra welcome, to fill the gap he has left. And the book will win countless more friends as it goes along. It must be of particular interest to TATLER readers.

What Baron had still to tell will never be told. Spontaneous, high-spirited, frank as these pages are, it may be that some of their fascination comes from the sense one has of something withheld. Peter Ustinov, whose clairvoyance as to character is a part of his genius, writes the foreword. He speaks of "The secret aspect of the real Baron" which, latterly, was to be perceived behind "the façade which was gaily and almost defiantly presented to the world." Be this as it may, the book *Baron* holds one. It is something more complex than a success story.

SUCCESS interested Baron; he diagnosed it. In his own case, it was come at the hard way—his accounts of setbacks, thwarted hopes and miscarried plans are always engaging and often comical. His start was made practically from nothing—a £16 Leica given him by his mother, as yet no valuable "contacts," and no capital. He was close on thirty when he found his vocation—up to then, he might have seemed to be either a playboy *manqué* or a drifter. His career was a triumph of personality; his method that of "dominating the sitter." He was just about where he wanted, at last launched, when World War Two broke out; throughout that he was abroad on active service. In 1945, returning to London, he found his place filled and his name forgotten: he had more or less to start all over again.

The success world was, necessarily, his ambience. Even if he had not liked it (and he did like it) in what other can a famed photographer operate? Born gambler, he felt himself most at ease among other players for high stakes. Stage, screen and society were his *milieu*; he magnetized those who had brains, birth, beauty. There was to be nothing he did not know about "star" mentality at its best and worst—his strictures make his praises the better worth having. Of all arts, he most highly esteemed the ballet; he respected dancers more than he did actresses. What success does to people, he watched with unblinking eye. And what a vantage point he had, for observation!

BARON's happy relations with the Royal Family, in his rôle of official photographer, fill more than one chapter. He gives us the background stories of what have become his historic portraits. The near-drama of the then Princess Elizabeth's wedding photograph was to cause him one of his tensest moments—and he needed all his guile when a royal baby, the future Duke of Kent, seized and refused to relinquish his only camera. . . . Baron writes in *Baron*, it may be fairly said, of no great person with whom he was not on terms; simply, he was on terms with dazzlingly many! He did not have his head turned. Not till near the end of his days did he lose his heart.

Versatility, the "try everything once" principle, landed him into many stupendous interludes—by the end, he had tried practically everything. I find it futile to catalogue the celebrities who cross the pages of *Baron*—leave it that those who do not are not celebrities! Marilyn Monroe, Annigoni and Gilbert Harding are the recipients of special tributes. And why, oh why, should I have left till last the essential glory of *Baron*, its illustrations? Each chosen example of his has some immediate bearing upon the story. "Moira's Baby," "The Cat and the Prince," "The Mystery Woman in Valentina's Salon" and "One of the Most Beautiful Women I ever Saw" are my favourites: others will find their own.

[Continued on page 102]

SABINE BARING-GOULD, at the age of sixteen (above). The biography of this squire, parson and novelist, "Onward, Christian Soldiers" (Longmans, Green, 21s.), has been now written by W. E. Purcell. Below, country gentleman with dogs from "The Bob Martin Dog Book" (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.), editor Margaret Flannery





Mr. W. P. Keene driving off; he partnered Mr. G. K. Nice against Miss E. Price and Mr. T. Halliburton

THE OPEN FOURSOMES AT SUNNINGDALE

MANY champion amateur and professional golfers took part in the Open Foursomes played over the Sunningdale Golf Club course, Berkshire, recently. The victors in the finals were Mr. B. Huggett and Mr. R. Whitehead

Mr. M. F. Bonallack, Miss Angela Ward, Mr. J. M. Peel and Mr. Leonard Crawley



Mrs. S. Peacock with Mrs. Jeffrey Agate

Mr. H. Lampart, Mrs. Tissies, Mr. H. Tissies

Miss Jean Donald and Mr. Hugh Docherty

Miss V. Anstey partnered Mr. John Beharrell



Silken Dalliance

NOWADAYS the virtues of synthetic materials are widely and rightly acclaimed, but pure fabrics are still far from total eclipse: this season pure silk and pure silk chiffon make a welcome return. Right: Rima's skilfully tucked tan-coloured short evening dress is in pure silk chiffon; its wide neckline can be converted to a hood, 51 gns. Its matching coat in tan and black spotted silk costs 46½ gns. From Fortnum and Mason

Fashions by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez





FLOWERS OF THE SEASON

YELLOW roses printed on midnight blue. Simmone's silk dress has a pleated skirt and long bodice; £43 at Fortnum and Mason. Pale yellow straw hat swathed in chiffon by Dolores

MULTI-COLOURED pure silk print. Henri Gowns's two-piece costs approx. 22 gns. at Marshall and Snelgrove, W.1. and Jenners, Edinburgh. Straw souwester by Elizabeth Ullman



WHITE and red flowered silk. Also by Simmone, this evening dress has a slender skirt with a wide train; its price is 52½ gns. and it may be obtained at Fortnum and Mason

DEEP red silk printed with flowers. Roecliff and Chapman's dress has a wide full skirt, sashed at the back, and costs 15 gns. at Hunts, Bond Street. Wide straw hat by Dolores



Photographs by John French



John French

FROM a selection of silk prints at Lillywhites, this suit in beige and white has a fitting three-quarter sleeved jacket and a graceful pleated skirt. It costs 19 gns. With it is worn a pale straw hat by Otto Lucas

Spinning a web



BLOUSES of all kinds are very feminine this year. This one in Wedgwood blue silk chiffon comes from Simpsons. The becoming tucks extend over the shoulders to form short sleeves. It costs approximately £10

of summer versatility

SILK is an ideal fabric. Washable, cleanable, hard-wearing, light and pleasant to wear, it lends itself to everything from a tailored shirt to a magnificent evening dress. Below is Roeclick & Chapman's dress in smoky grey chiffon. It has a blouse back and slim skirt. The pale pink cummerbund swathed high under the bust gives a dress and jacket effect. Price 18 gns. at Stewart & Spencer, Bond Street. Pale straw hat with swept-back brim by Dolores



WHITE chiffon Shirred to perfection. This blouse can be worn during the day or the evening; its vee neck bodice crosses in front and ties at the back. It is obtainable from Simpsons, Piccadilly and costs 8 gns.

CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK

DOUBLE
VISION

PRINTED pure silk is used by Marcus for these two dresses. Right: For the young sophisticate, a Parma violet dress with squared neckline and swathed cummerbund, approx. 25 gns. at Galeries Lafayette and Mary Lee, Tunbridge Wells. Violet cloche by Rene Pavy. Left: For the slightly older woman, this casual dress has a draped bodice and cuffed sleeves. Approximately 24½ gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove, and Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh. Straw hat by Rene Pavy



Companions to the Season's wardrobe



This cord-bag with simulated mother-of-pearl frame comes in either navy-blue or black and costs £6 16s. 6d. at Debenham & Freebody



Gold jewelled powder compact, price £10 11s. 6d., and a matching gold jewelled comb case costing £2 12s. 6d., both obtainable from Elizabeth Arden



Dressing table lipstick by Dior costs £3 19s. 6d. and can be had at Debenham & Freebody



This very attractive and unusual bag in black suede teamed with grosgrain is priced at £14 14s. and is obtainable from Debenham & Freebody



Evening sparkle; the "Mico" gold lustre shoes with pearl trimming, £4 19s. 9d., matching "Royale" pochette, £4 9s. 6d. Russell & Bromley



Black satin bag, £10 10s., black satin shoes, paste buckles, £7 2s. 6d., black satin gloves, £2 19s. 6d., paste bracelet, £18 18s. Debenham & Freebody

*The
TATLER
and
Bystander*
APRIL 10,
1957
99



Black antelope suede bag, price £19 19s. 6d., and the slim "Hannah" umbrella with straight diamante studded handle, price £3 5s., both come from Russell & Bromley

Pink jersey shortie evening gloves, diamante trimmed, 18s. 6d., the turquoise chiffon cummerbund, £2 2s., and the orchid brooch in enamel and marcasite, £20. Finnigans



Dennis Smith

Beauty

Belle at the ball

THE Season is about to begin. "Debs" and "Mums" are all set for a flying start in fine fettle for the social functions which will fill their days for several months to come.

There is no gainsaying that unremitting pursuit of pleasure can be very tiring. The young take it in their stride, and come up smiling for more, but it is the chaperones who are apt to flag. As one older woman said to me at the end of last Season, "All this enjoying oneself day after day is terribly exhausting, I'm absolutely worn out."

With this in mind, I have been visiting some of the beauty salons to discuss quick and effective ways of freshening up the looks, and disguising fatigue, and since the eyes are the first to show signs of strain I started with these. Various well-known salons give special eye treatments which are not only very restful and soothing, but can be relied upon to bring about a brighter outlook right away. To have such a treatment from time to time, to counteract the effect of late nights and rushing days, is a wise plan. At the same time it is useful to know of something one can do at home for oneself. For this I recommend Helena Rubinstein's home "Eye Treatment" as being excellent. It is simple, and if followed carefully does produce most gratifying results.

For the little lines that appear round the eyes, there is an anti-wrinkle lotion, and this is a splendid pick-me-up before going to a party. Soak little pads of cotton-wool in the lotion, and just place them over the wrinkles.

Leave for ten to fifteen minutes, and then make-up, and you



will be surprised at the difference in your appearance. For more lasting results, anti-wrinkle lotion is only a temporary measure—Rubinstein's Youthifying Eye Cream should be applied every night. Smooth it in very gently over the eyelids, and underneath the eyes, and leave until the morning. Eyelids that are inclined to droop when tired can be greatly improved with a special Herbal Eye Tissue Oil, and, for the eyes themselves, there is a Herbal Eye Lotion. This should be used on pads of cotton-wool and placed over the closed lids.

For lifting droopy looks, there is nothing better than a really good face mask. This can be done for you at a beauty salon, or applied at home. If you can spare time to lie back and rest for a short time before an evening party, this is the best time to use the mask. You can then place pads over your eyes at the same time to do their good work. Failing the time for a rest, the mask can be spread on and left to dry while dressing, which is very convenient if you are in a rush. There are many excellent makes from which to choose, but one I like, because it is easy to apply in a hurry, is Elizabeth Arden's "Velva Masque." This has a gentle action, yet is no less effective for tightening up the muscles, and giving an upward lift to the face.

ANOTHER good way of keeping up appearances is to make regular use of one of the special firming preparations. You can get Elizabeth Arden's "Firmo-Lift," Helena Rubinstein's "Contour-Lift," or Yardley's "Captive Beauty." They all do a thoroughly good job of work. The best way to use them is to pat a little of the lotion all over your face before putting on your ordinary foundation, and mould it well into the skin with the tips of your fingers. When it has been completely absorbed, apply the foundation, and make up as usual.

Experts at the beauty salons tell me that during the Season their massage departments are specially busy. Many of their clients find that a good body massage does more to banish weariness and refresh tired limbs than anything else. I tried this the other day before going to a rather special dinner party, and followed it by half an hour's rest with eye pads over my closed lids. I must say that my fatigue was wiped—or, thinking of the masseuses' strength, I should say swiped—right away, and I felt a completely new woman.

—Jean Cleland



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The Gramophone

NEW NAME FOR CONNOISSEURS

IT is always interesting to discover a new name listed in the record supplements, particularly if it happens to be the name of a Britisher.

And the latest addition to potential recording fame is one Russ Hamilton of Everton, Liverpool. Not only does he sing, but he writes his own songs and on his first record presents "Rainbow," and "We Will Make Love." His style as a singer is easy and assured, and as a writer and composer unorthodox and intriguing.

Russ Hamilton defies convention—I believe successfully, at present. It is highly possible that the writing and composing part of his talent will become predominant, and if this is so he may well carve out a niche for himself that is way above the moronic standards of the average Tin Pan Alley-ite.

As a singer, I believe his battle may be more difficult. So much depends upon his ability to know just where he's going, and how to get there! For all that I think Russ Hamilton is worth hearing, even with a fluttering accompaniment. (Oriole 1359.)

ON the other hand there can be no doubt at all about the stability and chic of the incredible Platters. Here is a vocal group reminiscent of the first Mills Brothers team at its best, The Boswell Sisters, and The Three Keys.

The group, already seen in *The Girl Can't Help It* and *Rock Around The Clock*, presents four male vocalists of distinction and personality, Tony Williams, Paul Robi, Herbert Reed and David Lynch, with the fifth member in the shape and person of Zola Taylor, a positive *piparino* of a girl who oozes talent.

It is with real pleasure and complete confidence that I commend The Platters to you. This is a smart, smooth, polished, "cool" act that will "send" the most determined "square," not round the bend, but a-clamouring for more! They will be appearing soon at the Palladium. (Pye M.T. 143, MEP 9504, MPL 6504.)

ANNE MORRE is the young American coloured pianist and singer who has followed her West End debut at Quaglino's Restaurant last year with a return visit beginning this month



And whilst on the subject of "senders," the recent recording of Rossano Brazzi is filling an all-too-obvious gap.

When Signor Brazzi first crashed the headlines, many inquiries were received about gramophone records of both himself and background music from his films. Well, here he is with the Malcolm Lockyer orchestra and "A Place Within My Heart," and "Song For Sweethearts," from the movie *Loser Takes All*. Rossano Brazzi is no Crosby or Sinatra, but he'll get by, and very nicely! (Columbia DB 3908.)

Eddie Barclay and his Orchestra brings to the home the biggest Italian song success for many years. It is, of course, "Guaglione" given an English sub-title "The Man Who Plays The Mandolino." Monsieur Barclay couples this with a cosy little numero "Sunday Evening." Listening to this recording and the wit and subtlety infused into both arrangements and interpretations, it is not surprising that Eddie Barclay enjoys such a tremendous success on the Continent. (Felsted 45 SD.80051.)

—Robert Tredinnick

Book Reviews (Continued from page 88)

FIRST NOVEL THAT CUTS DEEP

A NOVEL so telling as to be terrible is **Room At The Top**, by John Braine (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 15s.). It is also well—almost too well—written: once embarked upon it, the reader cannot break free. This is a careerist's view of himself; by the end, the "I" finds himself landed with a shocking, undesired reward. Walter, a young man at once class-conscious and aggressive, irked by his own poverty and obscurity, arrives to take up a post in a rich community—the prosperous residential outskirts of a big North Country industrial city. His own home town is seedy, "failed" and depressing; he is obsessed by the wish for a different life.

So that the ice he finds himself cutting among the *jeunesse dorée* impresses him—and, indeed, others. For Walter, for all his boldness, is nothing more than a new and minor Town Hall employee.

Sex, in the young man, is inextricably knit up with social ambition. Through the Thespians, an amateur theatre company, he gets to know first Susan, alluring daughter of a powerful local magnate, then the unhappily married Alice.

A LICE's reserve masks a dangerous temperament. The affair with her runs concurrently with the courtship of Susan—the formidable scenes of passion are not on the usual level of English fiction: there may be readers, indeed, who will baulk at them. The Yorkshire setting, the heated provincial atmosphere, are remarkably done; with Alice and her fate we have full-scale tragedy.

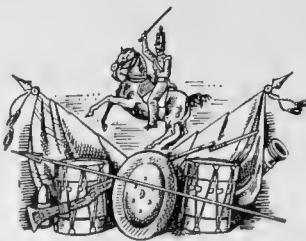
I don't know how old Mr. Braine may be, but certainly he has given us adult work. *Room At The Top* impressed me deeply.

THE CAPITOL IN Rome is the centre of Italian civil government, and this illustration, taken by the author, comes from "Poets In A Landscape" (Hamish Hamilton, 30s.) written by Gilbert Highet



WHEN **The Lady And The Unicorn** (Peter Davis, 12s. 6d.), an early and lovely novel of Rumer Godden's, first appeared in 1938, the author's name was less known than it now is—in consequence, this book may not have been seized upon with the promptness readers would show today. Thanks should go to the publishers for this re-issue.

Scene: Calcutta, as it were round the corner—where stands, in decay, a once-splendid house of the East India Company's heyday. Now it is an all-but-tenement: in the annexe dwell the Anglo-Indian young heroines of our story, the twins Belle and Rosa Lemarchant, with their father, aunt and less orthodox schoolgirl sister. And what of the anonymous carved animals, the jasmine-buried sundial, the sobbing lady, the dog Echo, the coach which drives through the locked courtyard gates? Lyricism, comedy and tender sadness blend. Stephen Bright, come fresh from England, blunders deep into an emotional social maze. Lay hold on *The Lady And The Unicorn*!



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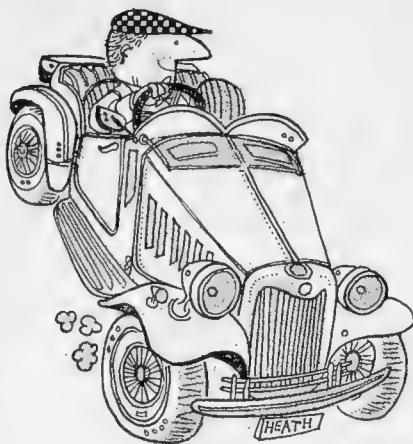
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A SCHEME to train racing drivers has been inaugurated by Mr. John Cooper, of Cooper Cars, at the Brands Hatch circuit, Kent. He is seen (back to camera) in one of his own cars, driven by Les Leston, giving instructions



Motoring

Oliver Stewart

LEARNER-DRIVERS ON A CLOSED CIRCUIT

WHATEVER the outcome of the scheme launched at Brands Hatch the other day for training racing drivers, the enterprise of the Cooper car company in starting it must be admired. The company has formed a racing drivers training division which has a Cooper-Climax Le Mans replica sports car and two 1957 Cooper-Climax Formula II racing cars. Those who wish to train pay five guineas a year and a charge of 15s. for each driving lap at Brands Hatch. But any driver showing exceptional promise will be trained at the company's expense.

I am told that, at the time of the official opening of the scheme, 5,000 inquiries had already been received. The classes will contain up to twenty people and will be held twice a week at the moment, but probably more frequently in the future.

MIRROR-CONSCIOUSNESS has been growing. Many motorists are in agreement with the new regulations which will make it compulsory for certain commercial vehicles to fit two driving mirrors. I take a different view. The multiplication of driving mirrors seems to me to argue a lack of an appreciation of first principles. It will not reduce accidents. It may increase them. Many regulations emphasize the absence of guiding principles for those officials who spend their time inventing regulations.

There is a first principle of driving safety and it is this: *look where you are going*. It is not for nothing that when a collision or near collision occurs on the road, one of those involved will usually shout at the other: "Can't you look where you're going?" The driver's attention should concentrate upon where he is going.

But observe the effect of the recent official preoccupation with driving mirrors. It is to cause the driver not to look where he is

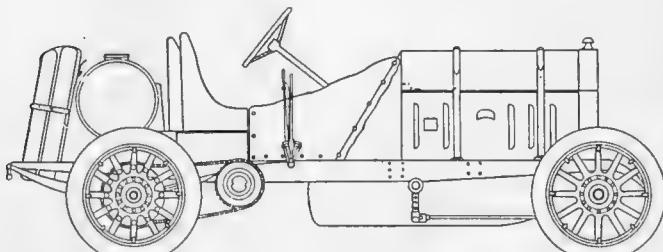
going; but to look where he has been. "Consult your driving mirror" they say to the learner, and if he fails to do so when he is under test his licence application will be rejected.

To comply with the illogical, indeed chaotic, ideas about what constitutes safe driving, as expressed in the regulations and officially approved procedures, the driver must be forever peering into the mirror to find out what is happening behind his car.

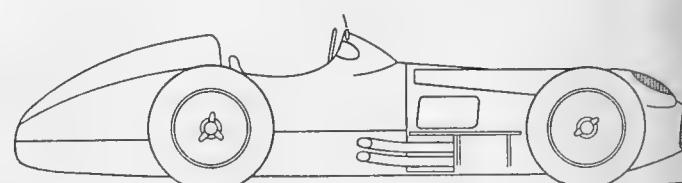
BUT a driver has enough to do to watch the traffic pattern in front of him. Make him try to watch it behind as well and you overload his attention. Of course there are commercial vehicles which are so blind to the sides and rear that there is a slight justification for the fitting and using of mirrors; but before making a second mirror compulsory I would like to see the effectiveness of the first mirror ensured. Often this mirror is blanked off by an overhanging load.

If the car is positioned correctly at all times and if its speed is always related to its projected course, the mirror becomes what it should be, a means of making a second check on whether there is a fool driver coming up behind and not reading the implications conveyed by positioning and speed alteration.

EARL HOWE made a good point the other day when he questioned the statement that petrol in the United Kingdom is cheaper than in other European countries. Prices vary widely, but Great Britain is by no means favoured. A point not always understood is that there are different petrol prices and that they vary according to the particular brand and the zone in which the fuel is bought. Thus at the time of writing the price of Super Shell in the "inner zone" is 6s. 5d. a gallon, in the outer zone 6s. 5½d. and in the general zone 6s. 6d. The corresponding prices for BP are 5s. 7½d., 5s. 8d. and 5s. 8½d.



REX HAYS has written in *The Vanishing Litres* (MacGibbon and Kee, 25s.) the illustrated history of Grand Prix racing. Left: the 16-litre Fiat successful at Dieppe in 1907 at 70 m.p.h., and (right) the 1955-56 Mercedes in which Moss won at Aintree





Yevonde
Miss Gillian Margaret Buckley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. S. Buckley, of St. Leonard's Terrace, S.W.3, is engaged to Mr. Michael Leonard Grogan, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Grogan, of Slaney Park, Ballyglass, County Wicklow, Ireland



Dorothy Wilding
Miss Valerie Alice Gardner, daughter of Major and Mrs. R. G. Gardner, of Claver House, Sunninghill, Berkshire, has become engaged to Capt. Peter Layard Dalley, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. D. Dalley, of Higher Lillington, nr. Sherborne, Dorset



Pearl Freeman
Miss Geraldine Mary Coleman, younger twin daughter of Cdr. and Mrs. A. M. Coleman, of Dartmouth Row, London, is to marry Mr. Gerald Clement Sharpe, The Queen's Royal Regiment, son of Mr. G. H. Sharpe, of Sarum Cottage, Charlwood, and the late Mrs. Sharpe



Lenare
Miss Caroline Baring, daughter of Mr. Esmond Baring, of Abbottsworthy House, Winchester, and of Mrs. Andrew Montagu Douglas Scott, is to marry Mr. Giles Lascelles, son of Sir Francis and Lady Lascelles, of Emperor's Gate, S.W.7



Vandyk
Miss Penelope Anne Makins, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. Sir William and Lady Makins, of Littlehayes, Itchen Abbas, Hants, is engaged to the Hon. Peter Charles Oliver Harvey, elder son of Lord and Lady Harvey of Tasburgh, of Parkside, London, S.W.1



Yevonde
Miss Penelope Wykeham, younger daughter of the late Major Godfrey Wykeham, and of Mrs. Wykeham, of Horspath, Oxfordshire, is to marry Mr. Simon Huson Preston, son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Preston, of Lowndes Square, Knightsbridge, S.W.1

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DINING IN

*A guinea to
treasure*



HERE is a bird, the guinea-fowl, whose flesh is nearest in flavour and quality to that of the pheasant or, say, something between the pheasant and the chicken. Today it is a luxury bird, compared to the days before the war when a good full-breasted young one could be bought for 3s. 9d. Sometimes, I believe, a pair could be obtained for 5s. 9d. At present, a guinea-fowl, from 2 to 2½ pounds full weight, costs 7s. 6d., while the price of the largest birds could be in the neighbourhood of 15s. 6d. each.

Let me warn young, devoted and enterprising cooks that this bird is deceiving in appearance, retaining its youthful shape long after its more pedestrian friend, the hen, has shown clear signs of age. That is why it is most important to seek out a discerning and experienced poultier. While anyone can pick out a young bird from a hen, it takes a wary fellow to detect the difference between a young and an old guinea-fowl. These birds I am told come mainly from Ireland, and that is some assurance of good breeding!

Having warned the young, let us consider how to cook them (that is, the birds!). If we give a guinea-hen the same treatment and consideration we do to a pheasant, and if we know how to cook a pheasant, all will be well.

A BEGINNER (I often wonder why?) will always roast a bird, any bird, if it is young enough, when roasting is almost the trickiest of all ways of cooking. For the most part, it is the timing, I think, and a guinea-fowl must be barely cooked because it dries out rapidly. I am certain that it would pay everyone to buy a little portable wire spit for all poultry roasting, so that the bird's breast may always be downwards. In this way, any juices and bastings will trickle down into the breast and not straight off it, as it were.

Wrap the body of the trussed bird, especially the breast, with very thin slices of pork fat and, inside the bird, place a nice lump of butter into which a little salt and pepper have been worked. From time to time, during the cooking, spoon into the body opening a little well-seasoned stock from the giblets and, at the same time, baste the bird with the fat from the pan. Give a bird of 2½ to 2¾ pounds 40 minutes in not too fierce an oven. A 3½-pound bird will require up to an hour.

With it go chip potatoes, fried breadcrumbs, bread sauce, if you like, and lovely small bunches of watercress. A crisp green salad is the best side dish.

BREAST of guinea-fowl à la Creme aux Champignons is a wonderfully pleasant dish. For four persons, you will need two birds of up to 2½ pounds each. Remove the breasts or ask the poultier to do this for you and cut the remainder of the birds into neat pieces which can be cooked for another meal.

Season the breasts with salt and freshly milled pepper, then pass them through a little flour and shake off all excess. Fry them gently and slowly in butter to which you have added a tablespoon of olive oil, to prevent its burning. They should be ready in 20 to 25 minutes. Gently cook thinly sliced unpeeled mushrooms in the butter.

Have ready ½ pint (or more) of double cream into which you have stirred a teaspoon or so of lemon juice. Tip the pan and pour the cream into the under part. Heat through then turn the breasts in it. Taste and correct seasoning. Serve with the sauce spooned over the breasts and mushrooms. If preferred, omit the lemon juice and, in its place, use a dessertspoon of sherry.

With the four legs and any remaining meat, make the following dish. First, cover the bones and giblets with cold water. Add a sliced carrot, an onion stuck with a clove, a bouquet garni and seasoning to taste. Simmer to obtain stock to be used at a later stage.

Fry the legs and backs in butter. Sprinkle with flour and brown it.

Add a tiny pinch of curry-powder (not enough to be noticed) and fry all together for a little. Work in a teaspoon of tomato purée and add enough stock to cover. Put the lid on the pan and cook very gently for at least an hour. Meanwhile, cook a dozen small onions and young baby carrots in the stock. Drain and add them with, when available, a couple of tablespoons of cooked garden peas.

—Helen Burke

Helena Rubinstein

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DINING OUT

A fallacy corrected

FOR many years it never occurred to me that you could get good food and good wine in the restaurants of department stores, and

I resisted with violence all the efforts my wife ever made to get me to join her for lunch at the store where she was doing her shopping.

I had visions of two poached eggs on toast or a pot of tea for two, and the possible embarrassment of finding myself in the lingerie department en route to the restaurant.

I have, however, at last learnt the error of my ways and have had some excellent meals in the big stores, the last being on the top floor of Peter Jones in Sloane Square, from whose immense windows you get a fine view of the Square and away over the roof tops to Westminster Cathedral and other landmarks.

Here I found Mr. Torido Toso in command. He has been in control of the catering at Peter Jones for over seven years and learned his business the right way, through all departments of the kitchens of the Ritz, the Cecil, the Piccadilly, L'Aperitif, and so on, and is especially proud of a framed certificate in his office which states: "Awarded to Torido Toso who has passed the examination in advanced cookery for hotels and restaurants, which comprises a practical test of seven hours' duration and a written paper of three hours' duration," the examiner at the time being the famous Avignon, *maître chef* at the Ritz.

The chef is Albert Bull who has been with the firm for twelve years and may be fairly described as a Cockney with French cuisine at his finger tips.

The clientele has a hard core of very regular patrons, and there are from 150 to 200 bookings for lunch every day, many of them insisting on being served by their "regular waitress."

The food is excellent and remarkable value for money when you consider the prices farther east (which is, of course, described as West), the most expensive item on the menu being a fillet steak at 6s. 6d.

There are two Table d'Hôte three-course lunches at 4s. or 6s., backed up by a short but well chosen wine list, also reasonably priced. Nobody can grumble at a St. Julien '49 at 15s. or a Château bottled Talbot '49 at 25s.

It may seem a trifle peculiar to be writing about Sloane Square in a small square in the town of Thoissey, which is between Macon and Lyon and very adjacent to the Route du Beaujolais, and which I have been investigating with much vigour.

The wine growers and merchants of France are kind and hospitable people and like nothing better than to escort you round their vineyards and their caves. On arrival at one establishment they had even taken the trouble to have a special list printed of the wines to be tasted, headed: "Degustation de Monsieur Bickerstaff"; there were sixteen of them, the Degustation being followed by a very fine lunch at the château of the owner, M. André Pasquier-Desvignes (from whom I received great hospitality), on the estate of Le Marquisat at Saint-Lager, which has been the property of his family since 1420. One of the wines at the lunch was quite remarkable, being, as my host described it, a "curiosity"—none other than a Moulin a Vent 1929.

SEVEN things I shall remember about the 257th Meeting of the Wine and Food Society held at the Trocadero the day before André Simon's eightieth birthday are these: the outstanding quality of the speech made by André's son in praise of his father; the very witty speech and the stories told by Lady Swaythling; the pleasure of seeing Madame Simon, gay as ever, as always at André's side and as usual never failing to pull his leg at every opportunity; and the obvious pleasure and justifiable pride which Marjorie Fletcher, pillar of strength of the Wine and Food Society, was getting out of the whole affair.

The wisecracks from Tommy Layton, who sat next to me, about wine and the wine trade in general, and the information that most of his enemies (I don't believe he really ever had any) in that world had now become his friends; the Mousse de Canard Périgourdine with Salade Lorette, and the Mandarines Givrées with its partner, Lanson Extra Dry Carte Noire; finally the magnificent 40-lb. birthday cake which had been made by the Tante Marie School of Cookery at Woking, which was founded and is directed by Iris Syrett, a member of the Society and a Cordon Bleu.

—I. Bickerstaff



Ivon de Wynter
JOSEPH GEROLT of Hatchett's, Piccadilly, trained as restaurateur at the Montreux Palace, and in France and Italy. He was at the Savoy, then at the Monseigneur and at Grosvenor House; he has been at Hatchett's for twenty years



VINEYARDS in front of the Church of Hunawihr, one of the fine photographs in *Alsace And Its Wine Gardens* by S. F. Hallgarten (A. Deutsch, 15s.)

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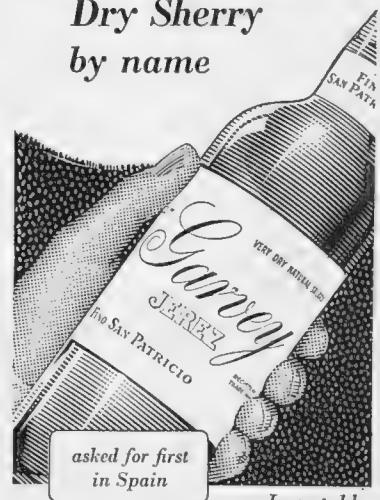
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Furze—Walker. Mr. John Marshall Furze, 9th Queen's Royal Lancers, only son of Capt. and Mrs. G. Furze, of Winterbourne St. Martin, Dorset, married Miss Mary Ann Walker, elder daughter of the late Lt.-Col. E. T. Walker and of Mrs. Walker, of Compton Valence House, Dorset, at the Parish Church of Compton Valence



MacArthur—Douglas Miller. Mr. Ian MacArthur, son of Lt.-Gen. Sir William MacArthur, K.C.B., D.S.O., F.R.C.P., and Lady MacArthur, of Chiswick, W.4, married Miss Judith Mary Douglas Miller, daughter of the late Mr. F. G. Douglas Miller and Mrs. M. M. Douglas Miller, of Sloane Street, at St. Columba's Church, Pont Street



Vigne—Miles. Mr. John d'Olier Vigne, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. d'O. Vigne, of Pease Hall, Springfield, Essex, was recently married to Miss Maureen Watt Miles, who is the daughter of Sir Charles Miles, O.B.E., and Lady Miles, of The Mount, South Godstone, Surrey, at St. Saviour's Church, Walton Street, London, S.W.3



Eustace—Percy. Capt. Thomas Robert Hales Eustace, Royal Irish Fusiliers, son of the late Mr. L. C. M. Eustace, and of Mrs. Eustace, of Mousehole, Cornwall, married the Hon. Dorothy Anne Percy, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Percy of Newcastle, of The Old Rectory, Etchingham, Sussex, at St. Columba's, Pont Street

RECENTLY MARRIED

Dixon—Taft. The marriage took place recently at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street, between Mr. Guy Dixon and Miss Clare Taft, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Taft, of Gloucester Square, London, W.2. The bride and bridegroom are seen at the reception

A. V. Swaebe



de Las Casas—Sturridge. Mr. Basil C. de Las Casas, son of the late Manuel de Las Casas, and of Mrs. de Las Casas, of Bideford, married Miss Annabel Galwey Sturridge, daughter of Mr. M. H. Galwey Sturridge, of Knightsbridge Court, and of Mrs. R. S. McCaffery, Jr., at the Church of the Holy Redeemer, Cheyne Row, S.W.3





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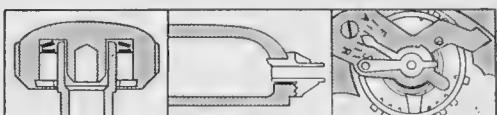
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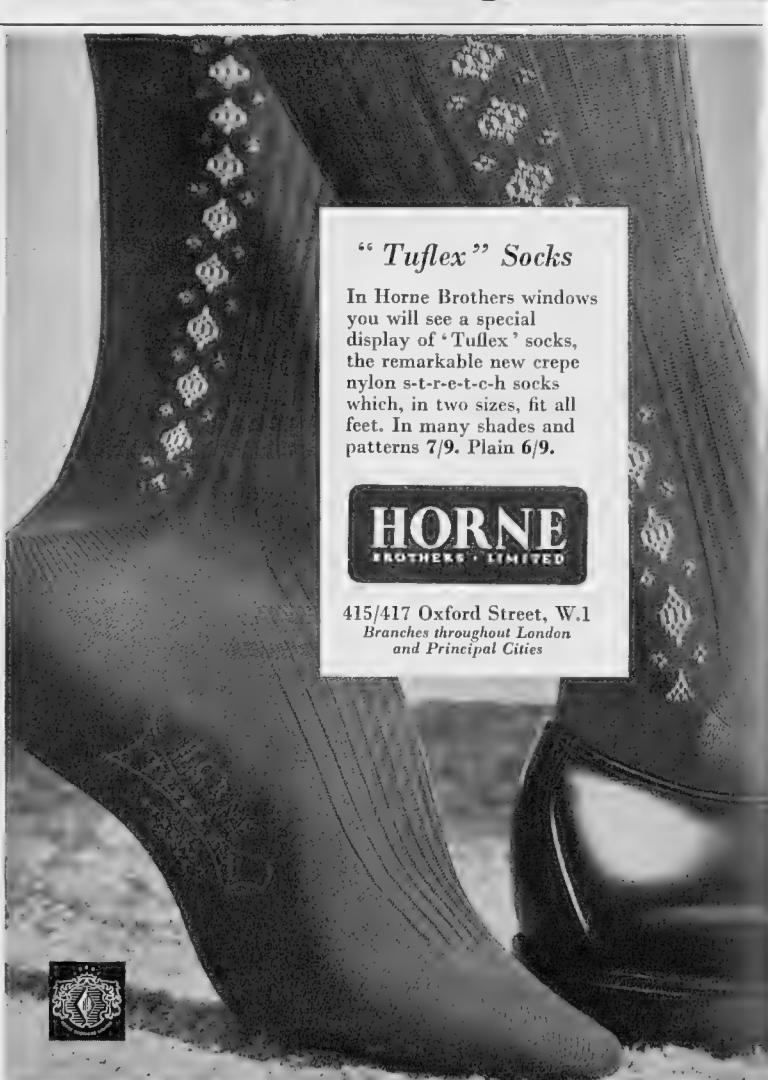
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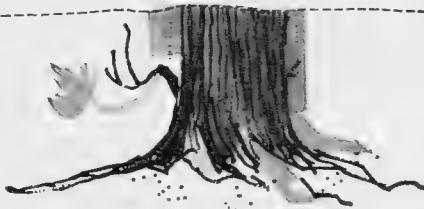
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Sherry One of the characteristics of Cyprus wines is their softness, and this shows to advantage in the sherry types in which all tastes are catered for with dry, medium and sweet varieties.

Table Wines The reds are big, round, generous wines, soft and of full body, suggestive of those of the Rhone Valley. The whites can be dry or sweet. The dry may be described as fresh and clean to the palate with the special flavour for which Cyprus is noted and the Sauterne types should be of exceptional interest, for they have plenty of sugar, thanks to the wealth of sunshine enjoyed by the vineyards. Fuller information can be obtained from

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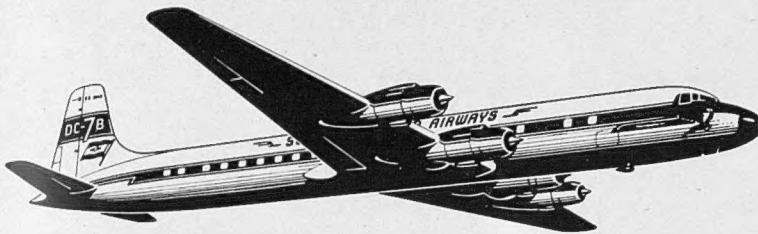
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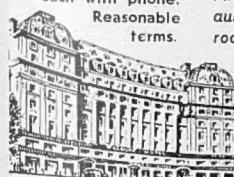
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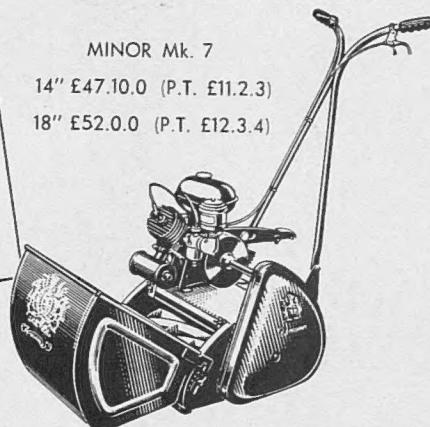
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Chicken Marengo

This famous dish is said to have been invented, as a time-saver, by Napoleon's cook at the Battle of Marengo. The chicken is cooked in olive oil and served with eggs fried in the same oil, and mushrooms. Some would add crayfish.

A Guinness Guide to Chicken on the Menu

OME OF THE most interesting ways of cooking chicken have names, in the culinary shorthand of 'menu French', that are not self-explanatory. Some of them are described here.

POUSSINS are only a few weeks old. POULETS are cockerels and spring chickens. CHAPONS and POULARDES are capons and fat fowls. EN COCOTTE means cooked in an open dish, EN CASSEROLE, in a covered one. SUPRÊMES of chicken are the wings and breasts.

SOME CHICKEN DISHES POUSSINS VIENNOISE are simply cut in two and fried golden in egg and breadcrumbs. CHICKEN MARYLAND is jointed, fried crisp and golden in butter, and served with corn fritters and slices of candied sweet potato or banana, with a cream gravy.

POULET CHASSEUR: jointed, browned in oil and butter, then cooked in stock, white wine and tomato purée; served with mushrooms.

COQ AU VIN: browned in butter with diced bacon and mushrooms, flamed in brandy, then cooked in red wine.

CHICKEN AND GUINNESS Chicken, like Guinness, is one of the few things that can be enjoyed endlessly. You never tire of either; and they go admirably together. Guinness goes best, perhaps, with the simple roast or grilled bird. But with any chicken dish its clean appetising taste always makes your pleasure keener.

**THE APPETISING TASTE
OF GUINNESS IS
SPLENDID WITH CHICKEN**